WIDOWS

Screenplay by

Gillian Flynn & Steve McQueen

1 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, CHICAGO, 2008 1

ECU: A large red painted mouth (VERONICA) presses down hard on a pair of white lips (MARCUS). The kiss is over in seconds, leaving a red mark. A thumb tries to brush off the evidence, only to smudge it.

2 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT, CHICAGO - BEDROOM - MORNING 2

VERONICA, MID-40s, awakes in the bedroom of a smart penthouse. She lies in BED, staring at the ALARM clock. It goes off exactly at 8am. VERONICA stares at it as it rings. One second, two seconds. Three. Four. Five. She reaches out and slaps it off. She sits up robotically. She turns to look at the empty pillow beside her.

3 INT. VAN - LAWNDALE - NIGHT 3

Van doors are flung open on both sides of the screen. Men dressed all in black with SKI MASKS tumble into a van carrying DUFFEL BAGS and GUNS-- one man scrambles towards the driver's seat. A voice we will come to know...

DRIVER [HARRY]
Get in!

The van takes off just before the last of the masked men is able to jump onboard. Two men, who we will later know as MALIK and DARIUS, are in the distance running towards the van, guns blazing. Ducking MALIK and DARIUS' bullets, the last of the masked men chases after the moving van and is eventually pulled onboard, twisting his body, shooting back at the two assailants. As he does so, one of the van doors hits a pole, detaching it from its top and middle hinges. The door is now being dragged wildly along the uneven terrain, swaying like a broken tail. Screams of "Go! Go!"

MAN TWO [FLOREK]
Get us the fuck out of here.

As the van swerves left, the right hand door partially closes and a bullet round shatters its window. The trailing door scrapes angrily, spitting sparks along the concrete.

MAN THREE [CARLOS]
Shut the fucking door!

But it is impossible as the van careens into the fluorescent abstract night. The men inside are a whir of bodies as bullets hit the side of the van- they are ducking and yelling.

4 INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING 4

A calm, DOMESTIC moment: ALICE, 25, white, blonde and remarkably pretty, is watching her handsome husband, FLOREK, 38, wolf down his bacon. The apartment is TINY and JUNKY, packed with CHEAP STUFF - but they look GREAT. Clearly a couple who spends their money on CLOTHES and JEWELRY.

FLOREK
(Polish accent)
You never eat.

ALICE
I like to watch you eat. Makes me feel like a wife.

FLOREK points at the oversized DIAMOND on her finger.

FLOREK
That should make you feel like a wife.

ALICE holds out her hand to admire. She tucks her hair absentmindedly behind an ear - and reveals the outline of a fading BLACK EYE.

FLOREK (CONT'D)
I told you, keep that covered. Do something with make-up, no? Makes me feel...bad to look at it.

ALICE
Yeah? Makes me feel bad too.

He holds up a palm to hush her, like you'd hush a child. Stands up, wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

ALICE (CONT'D)
You'll be careful-

Another hush sign.

FLOREK
Bad luck to wish for good luck.

He gives her a lascivious KISS. Leaves her leaning toward him with her mouth still open. He pops in a piece of BACON and she bites it off.

FLOREK (CONT'D)
Good girl.

He flaps her on her forehead with a bunch of CASH. Traces it down her nose and into her MOUTH. She BITES down on that too.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

He smiles at her and she blows the cash out, flying to the floor everywhere.

ALICE
That only tasted like $500.

He laughs a big genuine laugh. He kisses her again.

5 INT. VAN - NIGHT 5

The van accelerates. Men are flying in and out of view.

The driver's shoulder is revealed as the van lurches to the left. Two bullets pass through the windshield.

MAN TWO [FLOREK]
Fuck! I'm hit!

Camera pans back to find FLOREK - BLOOD soaking his black shirt. He pulls it up -face still covered - and we see it's BAD: right near the stomach. The VAN careens sideways-a TIRE has been hit.

One ski-masked guy gets in the face of the man who's screaming in pain.

SKI MASKED MAN [CARLOS]
You said this was handled!

Then a single CALM voice:

DRIVER (O.S.) [HARRY]
Keep cool. Just keep cool. I got it.

CAMERA finds the driver as he takes off his mask.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
And get rid of that fucking door!

6 EXT. STREET, CHICAGO - NIGHT 6

The van now accelerates across an iron bridge, almost sending the vehicle off balance. A SQUAD CAR traveling in the opposite direction witnesses this and pulls a U-turn, turning on its sirens.

INSIDE THE VAN

Harry looks in the side view mirror. The red lights of the police car disco around the interior of the van. Sparks from the collapsed door still trail. We see the result of the van blowing through an intersection as two cars skid into view, forcing the police car to take evasive action.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

One of the men repeatedly kicks the trailing door until it is free. The chasing police car swerves, running over the door.

7 INT. QUINCEANERA DRESS SHOP - DAY 7

The store is dominated by massive, bright QUINCEANERA DRESSES. A couple, LINDA, 30s, Puerto Rican, and CARLOS, 30s, Mexican-American and puppyish, are arguing.

She pursues him as he makes his way through the dresses, toward the DOOR. Out of the dresses trail two kids, 6 and 4.

LINDA
I want my money.

CARLOS
(repeating her)
"I want my money!" I thought it was <u>our</u> money?

LINDA
This is <u>my</u> store. <u>My</u> sweat and tears made this happen.
(she points at the store around them)
Every time I bail you out with a loan, an IOU, but this? This is a new low.

CARLOS
You're accusing me of stealing <u>your</u> money?

LINDA
Why are you so surprised? You do it for a living.

CARLOS
Where do you get the balls? What I do for this family, I risk my life.

LINDA
Yeah then piss it up the wall.

Carlos gives Linda a hard look. Linda meets his gaze.

He kisses the kids goodbye and leaves.

8 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT 8

The VAN swerves across the median into the oncoming lane due to late night construction. A car narrowly avoids a collision with the van, only to t-bone the oncoming police car, sending it flying through the air.

9 INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 9

AMANDA NUNN (late 30s) is juggling a million things at once: A pan fries eggs, water runs over dishes. She puts a bottle of BABY FORMULA in a specific device to heat it.

An INFANT is in a bouncer chair at the breakfast table. He starts to WAIL just as--

JIMMY NUNN (40s, Irish American) passes through. He kisses the back of her head, looking at the baby. A tension in the air. He leaves.

10 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS 10

MAN ONE [CARLOS]
Let me out-- just let me out-

In the half-light we see the driver's face.

DRIVER [HARRY]
No fucking way. We're sticking to the plan.

11 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 11

Veronica and Harry, in bed, engaged in a passionate kiss.

12 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - SHOWER - MORNING 12

HARRY is standing frozen beneath the water.

He shuts off the tap and grabs a towel.

VERONICA
You forgot!

VERONICA holds out a flask, her dog OLIVIA, at her feet.

He smiles. She pours WHISKEY from the FLASK into its SHOT-cap. Holds the SHOT to HARRY-cheers!-and instead of giving it to him, downs it HERSELF. Puts the top back on. This is all done with the seriousness of a RITUAL.

He cups her face, looks at her for two seconds. They kiss, him savoring the WHISKEY on her lips, breathing in her scent.

13 INT. VAN/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 13

From over the driver's shoulder, we see the garage door open on the side of a warehouse. The van limps into a lit warehouse. Harry gets out of the van, opens the back and grabs two big duffel bags.

13 CONTINUED: 13

HARRY
Let's go. Let's go...

The other men scramble, helping their wounded colleague across the warehouse to another waiting van.

SKI MASK [CARLOS]
(off Man Two [FLOREK])
We need to get him to a doctor.

Harry drops the cash and turns around and nods.

HARRY
Get in the fucking van. Let's go home.

Harry opens the back door of the van to let them in.

14 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 14

As the garage door of the warehouse slowly opens, we hear gun shots. We see Chicago SWAT team and UNIFORMED COPS...the SWAT team opens fire without hesitation. The van is riddled with gunfire. Windshield spidering.

INSERT:

Inside the warehouse, looking at the van front-on. Bullets fired from the Police SWAT pierce the windscreen and we see HARRY'S body in the driver's seat (face partly obscured by bullet holes) jerking as he's hit multiple times.

******NB Greenscreen Element - Just the Harry Double******

Suddenly the van explodes, breaking into two. The front of the van is violently flung, trailed by a fireball, clipping the side of the exit, flipping end over end, landing in a roaring blaze outside of the warehouse. The back of the van is forcibly tossed backwards, bursting into flames, igniting the large metal canisters, causing an even larger hellish explosion.

15 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 15

The warehouse appears like a blazing oven as FIREFIGHTERS arrive at the scene. They can only try to douse the blaze from a great distance- the van is a torch in the night.

A stunned young cop looks on.

PARAMEDIC
Must be a gas leak.

15 CONTINUED: 15

YOUNG COP
Can't you guys do something?

The PARAMEDICS look on, helpless.

PARAMEDIC
We can get out the body bags.

A car with a single off-duty SIREN attached to its side, blaring, speeds into the scene. Out leaps SERGEANT FULLER, 50s, white. He moves quickly throughout the crowd towards DETECTIVE McARDLE.

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

FULLER
Is it Rawlings?

MCARDLE
(gesturing towards the flaming van)
You could say that.

16 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 16

Dressed in BLACK now, VERONICA sits at a mirror, motionless, staring at herself. She is towards the end of putting on her face, finishing it off with a pair of pearl EARRINGS.

Finished, she steps in front of a full length MIRROR, brushes herself down. She looks deeply appropriate.

17 INT/EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN 17

SCORCHED WAREHOUSE

This scene is one of carnage. Charred human remains and unidentifiable objects still smoldering. Not much else. The stench is evident, as CPD forensic officers don face masks.

FULLER
Medical examiner say he can still ID them?

MCARDLE
I think off the teeth maybe.

FULLER
Well, at least his kid didn't have to see this-- his wife can thank the department for that-

MCARDLE
Don't let anyone from the press hear you saying that-

FULLER
Believe me, every cop on major case over 40 is raising a glass tonight.

FULLER pauses, stares down at the charred remains.

FULLER (CONT'D)
I always said he should burn in hell, but, hey, Chicago works too.

McARDLE gives a bemused smile.

17 CONTINUED: 17

SCREEN GOES BLACK. We hear the heartbroken WAIL of VERONICA.

18 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 18

VERONICA raises her head, still in front of the mirror. She finishes her wail, trying not to fall apart. She checks herself in the mirror for the last time. She kisses Olivia the dog, gathers her purse and leaves.

19 INT. HARRY'S SUV - DAY 19

"BASH" BABIACK, 45, blue-collar, an enormous mountain of a man, drives, VERONICA sits in the back seat.

VERONICA
Everything taken care of?

BASH
Got the roses you wanted. They had three different "dove gray" caskets. You'd be really surprised how much they get for those things. You want to guess how much-

VERONICA
(dismissing)
No, no I don't. I just want to go-

BASH produces a small envelope with VERONICA's name on it.

BASH
Harry told me if anything ever happened I should give this to you.

He hands it back to her.

VERONICA
When? When did he tell you that?

BASH
Uh...uh...Honestly, I don't remember. I'm not so good at remembering and he always told me not to write things down-

She opens it up and pulls out a piece of paper-it has an address. She frowns, shakes the envelope and out falls a tiny KEY. She stares at it a moment…then puts it and the address into her handbag.

20 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - MORNING 20

The 18th ward.

20 CONTINUED: 20

A black TOWN CAR pulls in front of a closed STOREFRONT CHURCH: New Beginnings. JACK MULLIGAN, Irish-American, late 30s/early 40s, with a good head of politician hair and a cocky GRIN gets out. A BARRIER fence bars the door. MULLIGAN turns to his aide, SIOBHAN, white, 20s...

JACK
Do I knock?

She shrugs. Jack raps on the tin barrier door. It ECHOES. On the adjacent corner, lingering YOUNG MEN with hoodies and baseball caps turn to stare. Finally, the door rolls up; under it is a regular front door, with a CAMPAIGN POSTER featuring a handsome black guy, late 30s: VOTE for MANNING! FROM YOUR WARD! FOR YOUR WARD!

JATEMME, black, late 20s, opens the door and glares.

JATEMME
We ain't open yet.

JAMAL (O.S.)
Who is it?

JATEMME disappears inside a bit. Jack and Siobhan shift uncomfortably as we hear:

JATEMME (O.S.)
Some white guy.

SIOBHAN
(loudly)
Jack Mulligan.

Jack grins at SIOBHAN.

JAMAL (O.S.)
Let him in.

21 INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - MORNING 21

It's a room with a PULPIT pushed to one side and a dozen FOLDING CHAIRS. A DESK has been dragged to the center and behind it sits JAMAL MANNING, the man on the poster.

JAMAL
Mr. Mulligan.

JACK
Mr. Manning. My aide, Siobhan.

21 CONTINUED: 21

Several more large men appear in addition to JATEMME, who gives Siobhan a slow appraising look. Manning takes a seat and nods toward JATEMME, catching him in the act.

JAMAL
This is my brother.

JATEMME
Jatemme.

JACK
I love you too!
(laughing at his joke)

A very uncomfortable pause. Jatemme eyes Jack, bristling. Jack surveys the room.

JACK (CONT'D)
When I was a kid I used to help out with my Dad's campaign. Putting fliers under windshield wipers, handing out buttons-- had a Mulligan for Alderman sticker on my notebook at school. Looked a lot like this--

JAMAL
Except a little whiter I imagine.

Jack laughs.

JACK
My father always thought it was a good idea to keep the lines of communication open with his opponent. That's why I'm here. Keep things honest and dignified.

JAMAL
Maybe he could be honest and open about whatever deal he made with the city council to call this special election instead of waiting til February like the law says-

JACK
My father had a heart attack. He knows how important every day is to the people of this ward so he used his connections to help them-- who does waiting serve?

JAMAL
Everyone who isn't named Mulligan.

Mulligan smiles.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2) 21

JACK
I'm 12 points up in this morning's polls. That's before rolling out a new TV spot. How's your TV buy looking? Where's your name recognition at? Mulligans have run the 18th ward for 60 years. My grandfather, my father-

JAMAL
Your Daddy can put you on some commission where people don't have no say-- let you play with some trains. But, you don't inherit a ward. You run for it.

JACK
You have much experience in government?

JAMAL
I grew up three blocks away. Now I live five blocks away. I live here.

JACK
So do I.

JAMAL
Nah. You own a house one block into the ward. German Baroque or some such bullshit. A house people might actually want to live in.

A beat: Jack looks around.

JACK
Smart idea, running headquarters from a church. Illegal- there's that whole church and state thing- but smart idea.

JAMAL
More illegal than nepotism?

A long beat.

JACK
Extending the Green Line is the best thing that can happen to the people of the 18th ward-- brings them closer to jobs-- closer to culture--

JAMAL
They don't seem to be the ones getting rich off the project. But, somebody is.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3) 21

JACK
And what about you, Jamal? What sort of business have you been running? How have you been improving the lives of the people of Chicago? I bet your reputation's a real problem for your communications team. Can you even afford a communications team?

JAMAL
Never been arrested. We'll see if you can say that, few months from now.

JATEMME
Maybe you the one needs a communications team.

Siobhan looks at the ground.

JACK
(weird bark of a laugh)
Ha! They're always poking into our family's business. It's a sign of admiration here. At least I'm on the evening news...Twelve points. Pull out now and you can save yourself some money and a ton of embarrassment.

JAMAL
Nah, I don't pull out when it feels this good.

Jack nods. Jatemme's eyes burrow into Siobhan. Jack walks away. He doesn't even look back, just raises a hand in goodbye.

JACK
Don't forget to vote August 8th.

JAMAL
The election is the 7th, Jack.

JACK
Oh, I know.

He and SIOBHAN walk out the door. Jatemme looks at Jamal.

JATEMME
Why you wanna go into politics anyway, man? Passing bills and shit-whatever the fuck they do.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4) 21

JAMAL
Alderman of this ward makes $103,000 a year.

JATEMME
Shit, we make more'n that in a week.

JAMAL
104,000 base. But then you add in the juice: He gives a friend a contract for a new building, gets a kickback. He gives his brother a contract for construction, hell, gives his mama a contract for construction. Ninety-two-year-old little old white lady with a fucking little yellow hardhat and a union card. That man has a piece of everything. And the only people coming after him have microphones and cameras-- people coming after us wanna take our lives with guns.
(pause)
I'm 37 years old, Jatemme. I don't want this life no more. I want his life.

JATEMME
He ain't just gonna give you his life.

JAMAL
No, he's not. I'm gonna take it.

A young black man NOEL (30s) enters.

NOEL
Harry Rawlings is dead.

JAMAL
And what's that got to do with us?
(pregnant pause)
What?

NOEL
It's bad. It's fucking bad.

22 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY 22

A clean white-washed space with contemporary furniture clashes with the 19th century features. A large contemporary abstract painting hangs on the wall.

Jack eyes a decanter, debates pouring a drink, but stops: too early. TOM MULLIGAN (80s) walks in, slowly but surely, helped by a middle aged Taiwanese nurse to a seat. He dismisses her.

22 CONTINUED: 22

JACK
(proudly, about his redecoration)
What do you think of my new painting? The artist is really blowing up. I got in early, got it for fifty thousand.

TOM
Makes me want to have a drink. Isn't that the same amount as one of your kids' tuition? Or is that your monthly alimony?

Jack is used to his father's dismissals. He pours him a drink.

TOM (CONT'D)
Did you get him to concede and go back to his normal business? Don't want to see you become the first Mulligan to lose to a nigger.

Jack gives a flicker of distaste.

JACK
(deep breath)
He's staying in, but that's fine.

TOM
Is it?

JACK
It's dealt with.

Tom screws up his face-- *dealt with how?*

TOM
I remember Governor Ryan telling me it was 'dealt with' just before they found him guilty on 18 counts of stupid-- maybe you should go up to the prison in Terra Haute and talk to him-

JACK
And maybe you shouldn't have been such a hard-ass. If you'd just rolled over for the Mayor on that housing development at Marquette Park.

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

TOM
I don't roll over for anyone. He had his agenda and I had mine.

JACK
And look where that's got us: the lines of the ward redrawn and we're down 7,000 votes that would have gone our way. You created this problem and now we might be left without a pot to piss in.

TOM
Says the man with the fifty thousand dollar piece of wallpaper.

23 INT. POLISH ORTHODOX CHURCH 23

A priest is leading a prayer in Polish. A photo of FLOREK with candles burning on either side stands before the congregation. Cheap plastic flowers.

ALICE, dressed inappropriately, black mini skirt, heels, with a low-plunging top revealing several gold chains, black eye now hardly visible, is crying.

ALICE
He said it was supposed to be the easy job...

All the MALE MOURNERS' eyes in unison turn coolly toward her.

ALICE'S MOTHER
(in Polish)
Hush. Not here.

ALICE
He had a temper, but he also had...joy, like no one else. He was so beautiful, wasn't he? His hands. And his eyes, he got away with so much because of those eyes.

ALICE'S MOTHER
(murmuring)
I know. Hush now. I know.

Tamping down the scene she is making.

ALICE
I couldn't even say goodbye properly. They wouldn't let me see his body.
(standing)
I want to see his body!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

ALICE'S MOTHER
I promise you, Alitzia, you don't.

24 INT. RUNDOWN GYMNASIUM 24

The screen is completely black. We hear TWO VOICES. One is rapping, the other beat-boxing. The sound is melodic and heartfelt.

A harsh CREAKING SOUND cuts into the voices. LIGHT pierces through the blackness. A door opens to reveal two young men DARIUS and MALIK (late teens, early 20s) who are kneeling, disheveled, hands tied behind their back.

BIG GUY enters and leads DARIUS and MALIK to a rundown basketball court, where three men are playing a game. In the stands, JATEMME is reading Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee. He observes the two men entering and closing the book, he saves his page and makes his way down to the court. DARIUS and MALIK are lead to JATEMME.

DARIUS
(panicking)
It was a set up. They knew where we were gonna be. Ain't our fault.

MALIK
(stumbling over the words, freaking out)
They were professionals or some shit.

BIG GUY
And what do you think we are? Amateurs?

MALIK
I'm not saying ...

Jatemme puts his finger to his mouth. He exhales a long shhhhh.

JATEMME
I wanna hear what you were doing. Do it again.
(off their confusion)
Your music.

The kids are scared now.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding. Do it again.

Malik begins to rap slowly then picks up speed. Darius joins in with a beat-box but he's missing the beat.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

JATEMME (CONT'D)
Bring the beat back damn!

Darius gets back into it. The crew approves.

24 CONTINUED: (2) 24

At that moment Jatemme pulls out an H&K P7 gun, shoots MALIK in the head. Blood splatters everywhere, covering DARIUS.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(to Darius)
Run.

DARIUS, without hesitation, sprints towards the exit. JATEMME extends his arm, we hear a loud BANG, and DARIUS crumbles to the floor from a bullet wound to the head.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(to his crew)
Take care of this.

He walks out.

25 INT. CREMATORIUM FACILITY - MORNING 25

Amanda Nunn, baby in arms, stands in front of a traditional wooden coffin. Her mother stands next to her, in what is a sparsely attended formal ceremony. We hear the Celebrant reciting "Death" by Epicurus.

Slowly, Jimmy Nunn's coffin descends out of sight.

Her mother moves to comfort her, however Amanda seems disengaged. The coffin ignites.

26 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY 26

Linda's apartment is packed with MOURNERS. Carlos's photo sits between candles and flowers. Mix of Spanish and English being spoken.

LINDA's children, XAVY, 6, and GRACIE, 4, sit motionless in their Sunday best, sandwiched in between relatives on the couch. A stern old woman, LITA, 60s, sits like an angry QUEEN in a corner with the other matriarchal women of her age.

LINDA takes a plate of FOOD to LITA.

LINDA
(in Spanish)
Something to eat?

LITA bluntly REFUSES to accept it, arms crossed.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
Something to drink then?

LITA stoutly shakes her head. People are starting to look.

26 CONTINUED: 26

LITA
(Spanish)
I don't want anything from you. You're the reason I'm here. And Carlos isn't.

People are really looking now.

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

LINDA
(Spanish)
He got into the life on his own.

LITA
(Spanish)
He did it for you.
(Spanish)
Money. Before you, he was going to go to college. His blood on your hands.

LINDA gives a look.

27 INT. JAMAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY 27

Jatemme, seated, playing with a silver letter opener. Jamal walks in and sits behind his desk.

JAMAL
What did they say?

JATEMME
I don't know.

JAMAL
What do you mean you don't know? Bring them here tonight.
(Beat)

JATEMME
I had to let them go.

JAMAL
Goddamit, Jatemme! We're coming up to elections. I can't have a bunch of bodies trailing me? You got no impulse control, never had. Fucking lead-paint sniffing motherfucker. Are you too far gone to see that? Not everything can be solved by fucking killing people. Are you trying to live up to a fucking stereotype? You have a choice. Others don't.

JATEMME
Are you crazy? Did you have a choice? Because I never had a choice. Look around you.

JAMAL
You're not gonna fuck this for me, Jatemme. I can't have your business in Lawndale affecting what I'm trying to do here.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 27

Jamal stands and turns his back on his brother, in thought. Jatemme is still fiddling with the LETTER OPENER. Using it to clean his NAILS.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
And put that goddamn thing down! You make everything a fucking toy.

Jatemme stops picking but doesn't set the OPENER down.

Decisively, Jamal walks towards the door.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
And get changed.

Jatemme looks at his brother questioningly.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
We're going to a funeral.

Jamal slams the door behind him as he leaves.

28 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - LATER 28

VERONICA stands with her MOTHER. The funeral is much more ELABORATE than the other two: an abundance of YELLOW ROSES, that DOVE GRAY CASKET that BASH ordered. VERONICA places one yellow rose on a neighboring grave.

The dove gray casket is carried by a GROUP OF UNION MEN. All wearing UNION PINS. They place the casket on a stand above the grave. The PRIEST delivers the Catholic Funeral Prayer.

We see FULLER and MCARDLE observing from a close distance.

After the casket is lowered into the grave, a burly man in a WHEELCHAIR (BOBBY WELSH) approaches.

WELSH
On behalf of the working men and women from Local 29 and Local 38 I want to express our condolences for your loss. Harry did a lot for us, and a lot for me after my accident. Set me up at Fireside--

Veronica nods-- this is all news to her. She's never seen him before.

VERONICA
I'm sorry. You are?

28 CONTINUED: 28

WELSH
Bobby Welsh. This is for you. A token of our esteem. And if there's more we can do for you, let me know.

He gives her a Union Pin.

WELSH (CONT'D)
(to Bash)
If you want the backhoe to hold off until she's gone, I can talk to the guy.

A line of well-wishers assembles. The OTHER UNION guys file past and nod respectfully. Veronica stares past everyone.

A CHARITY WORKER, a woman in her 40s, approaches.

CHARITY WORKER
Please accept my sympathy Mrs. Rawlings. Your and Harry's generosity was always so welcome.

The tone is genuine, but also needy. Veronica nods.

Jack Mulligan and Siobhan stand a respectful distance away, SIOBHAN texting. Mulligan acknowledges FULLER. FULLER nods back.

Jack chooses this moment to walk up to Veronica.

JACK
Mrs. Rawlings, I'm Jack Mulligan, son of Alderman Tom Mulligan. My dad and Harry's dad grew up together on the South side. Maybe you met my father when you were lobbying-

VERONICA just eyes him.

JACK (CONT'D)
I had the privilege of working with your husband a couple of times. He was a wonderful man. Please accept my sympathy. If you need anything, you let me know. Anything. Siobhan here has all my information.

Siobhan smiles. The procession continues.

ON JACK

He and Siobhan walk away. As they do she clocks...

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

JAMAL AND JATEMME

A respectful distance away. Watching the funeral. Jatemme blows Siobhan a kiss.

SIOBHAN
Harry Rawlings was a very popular man.

JACK
His untimely death leaves a vacuum and nature doesn't much care for that.

Jack continues on to his car.

ANGLE ON JAMAL AND JATEMME

They watch Jack leave and turn their focus back to Veronica. JATEMME takes out his GUM and jams it in the bark of the TREE he's leaning on.

JATEMME
(motioning to grave)
Want to go piss on it?

A beat while JAMAL considers.

JAMAL
Let her go home, kick off her shoes, settle in for a few days, then I can correct that notion-

JATEMME
Damn.

JAMAL
Harry Rawlings- he never messed with me and I never messed with him. We in different games. Always had respect. So, why'd he hit me now?

JATEMME
Oh, I know why. He thinks because you're setting your sights on something higher you getting sloppy-

Jamal is weary of Jatemme casting aspersions on his ambitions. Waves him off.

JAMAL
(Looking over at the funeral party)
Who's her muscle?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3) 28

ANGLE ON BASH AND VERONICA/JAMAL INTERCUT

JATEMME (O.S.)
That's Bash Babiak.

JAMAL
Don't you know him?

JATEMME
Yeah. Played for the Bears until 2007. Everyone knows him - well, they used to.

Jamal prompts Jatemme with a look.

ANGLE ON THE BACKHOE

Moving in to fill in the grave. Veronica's elderly mother embraces Veronica and walk towards their car, knowing that Veronica needs to be alone.

Veronica, Bash standing behind her, is still. Lost in a moment. The roaring sound of the backhoe as it comes into view takes over the stillness.

VERONICA
Harry wouldn't have liked that. The backhoe. It's unromantic. I should have hired grave diggers.

BASH
Don't think they have grave diggers no more.

Veronica turns abruptly to leave in the face of the machine. As she reaches the car door she turns for the last time and as quick as that, the backhoe is done.

VERONICA
(wistful)
I somehow remember it taking longer last time.

BASH opens the car door for her and she gets in.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I want you to tell me the names of the other men that died with Harry.

She shuts the door, sitting next to her mother.

29 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 29

This scene is a repeat of the morning of the heist. We see it now from Veronica's perspective.

VERONICA is getting dressed. Leggings and a sweater, simple but EXPENSIVE. OLIVIA trots through the bedroom door to greet her.

We hear the sound of a SHOWER running off-screen.

Veronica picks up a silver FLASK and carries it with her to the BATHROOM DOOR.

The shower shuts off.

VERONICA (O.S.)
You forgot!

The door opens and Harry, a towel around his waist, smiles to see Veronica.

She pours WHISKEY from the FLASK into its SHOT-cap. Holds the SHOT to HARRY-cheers!-and instead of giving it to him, downs it HERSELF. Puts the top back on.

He cups her face, looks at her for two seconds. They kiss, him savoring the WHISKEY on her lips, breathing in her scent. OLIVIA, jealous, begins to bark.

Veronica breaks the kiss first. They both peer down, smiling at Olivia.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
(gently)
I've got to go.

Veronica, a pleased look on her face, follows Olivia pacing towards the kitchen, walks purposefully down the CORRIDOR. Just passing a DOOR, she stops in mid-stride, alert, as if she's heard something.

She takes a pace back, confronting the door. Turning the door handle slowly, letting the draught of the past into the present. It chills her.

The room is empty, but lived in. We see signs of furniture removed. The BED is neatly made. A DERRICK ROSE Chicago Bulls poster on the wall. Veronica's mask now vanished, revealing the pain beneath.

She pulls the door shut, eclipsing herself from view.

30 INT. MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS 30

A young, HANDSOME, slim, light-skinned black man (late teens) drives as he talks on the phone-- having an argument. Music throbs from the stereo: Kanye West, "Love Lockdown."

HANDSOME
(on phone)
That's not true...I told you after school I was taking the car and you didn't say anything...Mom heard me...ask her...Dad, ask her...How is it my fault if you left it in the car...

He reaches over and opens the glove box on the car-- inside is a box. HANDSOME reaches in and puts it on the seat next to him-

HANDSOME (CONT'D)
Can't I just bring it home later? I'm gonna miss like half the game if I have to turn around...I'm not saying it's more important than your anniversary-- did I say that?

31 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS 31

The Mercedes makes an illegal U-turn and heads back toward LSD. A cop clocks him and pulls his squad car out after the Mercedes.

32 INT. MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS 32

HANDSOME clocks the cop in the side view.

HANDSOME
Aw, man!!! Dad, I gotta go...I gotta...I got pulled over now...What's that gonna do? You gonna talk to him?

33 INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS 33

TWO WHITE COPS.

COP ONE
I got this one-- you run the plates.

34 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS 34

COP ONE walks up on the driver's side of the Mercedes.

COP ONE POV

34 CONTINUED: 34

Handsome still arguing with someone on the phone in a car way too nice for someone that young to be driving. Music still on.

The cop comes closer. The music still playing. Handsome still arguing with his Dad.

HANDSOME
Well, it's too late now...OK?

COP ONE
Get out of the car. Keep your hands where I can see them.

HANDSOME (CONT'D)
I gotta go...I gotta go deal with this...I'll get it back to you as soon as I sort this out-

Handsome begins to get out of the car and then looks back at the Box sitting on the passenger seat. He leans back in to throw it back in the glove box but it glances off and knocks his STAINLESS STEEL water bottle out of the cup holder spilling it on the seat-

COP ONE
Hands where I can see 'em!

All the cop can see is HANDSOME busy in the car. He draws his weapon and fires just as HANDSOME turns toward him. The side of HANDSOME's face explodes. Blood and matter scatter the interior of the car.

HARRY'S VOICE
(over the phone)
Marcus! Marcus?! Are you there?

COP ONE leans into the car.

COP
Fuck. FUCK.

He calls back to his partner who has been standing behind the Mercedes.

COP (CONT'D)
Call for back-up! Call 'em...

His voice grows shaky.

COP (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need you over here Andy. I need you to help me find a weapon.

COP TWO moves toward the scene tentatively. On the building behind them is row of OBAMA HOPE POSTERS.

34 CONTINUED: (2) 34

The cop's face reflected in the glass eclipses the face of the former President.

35 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 35

CLOSE UP of a still hand.

A few beats pass before a woman's hand clenches the wrist, slipping a ribbed white cotton glove over the fingers of the lifeless limb and placing it gently on top of another already gloved hand.

Cut to MARCUS' reconstructed face in a silk-lined coffin.

VERONICA releases her son's hands and steps back revealing HARRY, at the back of the room, grappling silently with his pain. There is a wedge between them.

Off-screen an organ plays *Abide With Me*.

FATHER McKENZIE (Catholic, white, 60s, dressed for a service) joins them in the room.

FATHER MCKENZIE
(gently)
It's time.

Veronica stoops down to kiss her son on the lips. A tear drops from her eye, cracking into Marcus' heavily powdered face. She attempts to brush her red lipstick trace from his mouth, with her thumb.

Father McKenzie pulls Veronica away.

36 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 36

VERONICA takes off her heels, shrinking in the frame.

She picks up an LP, taking out the record and placing it on the turntable. She puts the needle on the rotating vinyl.

MUSIC fills the apartment: A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE by Etta James. Tears start to fall. Olivia trots after her as she goes to the window. The lights of the city reflect on her face.

Suddenly we see, in the window's reflection HARRY slips up behind her and embraces her.

VERONICA clings on to HARRY's arm, leaning back onto his chest, eyes closed. A moment passes. Peaceful.

36 CONTINUED: 36

A BANGING on the door and VERONICA is startled back to the now. The door BANGS again. She turns off the music and goes to the door. Looks through the peephole.

She frowns. She debates not answering. Then calms herself—more banging, polite but insistent—and opens the door onto: JAMAL MANNING, in a suit, hands folded.

JAMAL
Mrs. Rawlings, my name is Jamal Manning and I'm running for Alderman of the 18th ward.

VERONICA
This is not the 18th ward.

JAMAL
May I have a word with you about some urgent matters affecting our city?

VERONICA
No.

She begins to close the door but he manages to step inside without feeling overtly threatening...but also inevitable.

JAMAL shuts the door and leans against it, his face is still BENEVOLENT but the fact that he's BLOCKING the door is not. He begins wandering around the room, touching Harry's things—VERONICA just has to watch.

JAMAL
Do you know me?

Small head shake.

VERONICA
I don't, and I don't care to. Get out.

JAMAL
(almost as if he hasn't heard)
Because I didn't know your husband. Not really. Yet he stole two million dollars from me. Stole it right out of a van. Like he knew where it would be. I want to know why.

VERONICA
I was never involved in my husband's business. At all. And I don't know why you're here.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2) 36

Jamal looks out the window-- a view of the city.

JAMAL
(off the city)
Everybody out there involved in Harry Rawling's business far as the eye can see. But, you, you living here with him and you're not.

VERONICA
I can't help you.

He sizes her up: lying or not?

JAMAL
I understand. Criminals, like cops, don't bring their shit home.

VERONICA doesn't respond.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
May I take a seat?

JAMAL doesn't wait for an answer. He sits comfortably on the sofa, cross-legged. OLIVIA jumps up and joins him, sniffing his lap. JAMAL strokes her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Please, join me. What do they say about dogs? That they are good judge of character?

VERONICA lowers herself into the adjacent lounge chair, as if a stranger in her own home.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
You see, Mrs. Rawlings, criminals stealing from criminals, that sounds like easy money. Cops don't care that much, right? They won't look so hard. Maybe even look the other way. But criminals will look. Hard.

VERONICA
Whatever was in that van was...burned-- if you know his business then you know that, too.

JAMAL
So, we both lost something.

JAMAL continues to stroke OLIVIA.

36 CONTINUED: (3) 36

JAMAL (CONT'D)
That money was meant to buy me a new life, help with my campaign. You understand? I have plans. Harry ruined those plans.

VERONICA
(she gets angry)
I don't have your money-- maybe you should just go make more the same way you made the money you lost-

JAMAL puts his hands around OLIVIA's neck. The gesture is ambiguous. It could be seen as threatening or play. He stands and lifts her up by the neck, hovering over VERONICA. OLIVIA struggles and kicks. He puts her down gingerly on the carpet.

JAMAL
This is about my LIFE. And because it's about my life, it now becomes about yours.

VERONICA stands to meet his gaze.

VERONICA
I just told you. I don't know anything and I don't have any money.

Glancing around the condo, JAMAL begins to walk about, as if he was a real estate broker.

JAMAL
Even if that's true. You got a nice penthouse here. How much do you think it's worth? You got a lot of nice furniture. You got a car, a closet full of clothes...None of those burnt up in the van. I'll give you one month to liquidate. Then-

VERONICA
I'll call the police.

JAMAL
Mrs. Rawlings, do you know what the police did the night Harry died? They laughed over his melted, burnt body, and then they scraped whatever they could into a bag and went to a bar to celebrate. They give zero fucks about his widow. You're nothing now. Welcome back.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4) 36

He walks to the door. Stoops down to give OLIVIA a final stroke.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (5) 36

JAMAL (CONT'D)
My money. A month.
(as he walks out, he holds up a business card, placing it on the table.)

He leaves. She shuts the door. Locks it. She's held it together until now, but now she shows the fear and shock.

Takes a breath.

37 INT. QUINCEANERA DRESS SHOP - MORNING 37

The kids plunge into the store, goofing around. LINDA clearly isn't in the mood. She gets inside, to find three large, unkempt men, one white LEADMAN and two Latino associates, packing up the giant, bright dresses into trash bags, denuding the mannequins.

LINDA
(in Spanish)
Hey! What are you doing? Put that down! Who are you?

LEAD MAN
No hablo. Speak English.

LINDA
What the fuck do you think you're doing? I'm calling the police.

Lead Man SNATCHES the phone from her.

LEAD MAN
And saying what?

LINDA
That you're in my store.

LEAD MAN
But, that wouldn't be true. It's not your store.

Xavy runs up and confronts the LEAD MAN.

XAVY
Get out of my mom's store!

LEAD MAN
Wow. Is this the little Carlos?

Linda holds back XAVY as he swings a kick towards the LEAD MAN.

37 CONTINUED: 37

LINDA
You knew Carlos?

LEAD MAN
Yes. And he knew this is not your store.

XAVY
This is my mom's store!

LINDA
I have a lease. And I pay it every month.

LEAD MAN
You gave that money to Carlos.

LINDA clearly not tracking.

LEAD MAN (CONT'D)
And then he spent it all at Arlington-- until the money ran out and he couldn't keep up. Then he started paying it to us. Then he fell behind, then he gave us the store-- or, to be fair, we took it...

LINDA is seething.

LEAD MAN (CONT'D)
(to his pals)
Either of you speak Spanish?

LINDA
I understand the words. Just not buying them.

LEAD MAN
It's like this: Carlos doesn't own this. You don't own it. It's a system.

LINDA
Fuck your "system."

LEAD MAN
Maybe I'm not explaining this clearly. Ask Carlos.

He goes to the register. Starts taking out cash.

LINDA
Hey!

She goes to close the register and Lead Man roughly shoves her off.

37 CONTINUED: (2) 37

GRACIE
Leave my mom alone!

Linda gathers both of her children underneath her arms.

LINDA
(starting to break down)
Carlos is dead! I gave him the rent money.

LEAD MAN
Condolences, ma'am. Just collecting a debt here; he should have loved you more, and the bookies less. Lo siento.

38 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 38

The bedroom is shockingly spare: a big open, empty jewelry box. Empty closet. A TV wall mount with no TV. Cords for a stereo but no stereo. AGNIESKA is brushing ALICE's hair, putting on her LIPSTICK. Quite clear that ALICE is her mother's DOLL. ALICE glances in the desktop mirror. She looks a bit naked without all her flashy JEWELRY.

ALICE
I think I should get a job.

AGNIESKA
As what? A maid? Serve coffee? Why would you ever do that?

ALICE
What else am I gonna do? I went from your home to Florek's home.

AGNIESKA
Men are supposed to provide for you. Where did all the money go?

ALICE
I told you: We spent it! He wanted me to have a nice life! He loved me.

AGNIESKA
Yeah, when he wasn't slapping you silly. How much did you get for your things?

ALICE
$1010.

AGNIESKA
You should have asked for twice that much. You never ask for enough!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

ALICE
Right, I should be like you and ask for everything like I deserve it?! Drive my husband into the ground? Take care of myself before my children?

Her mom slaps her. It doesn't seem unusual. ALICE takes it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, mama. I should not have said that. I just don't know what to do...

AGNIESKA lets her twist in the wind for a minute then goes back to stroking her hair, drying her tears, she pulls ALICE's hair back to look at her.

AGNIESKA
Such a beautiful girl I made.
(pause)
I want to show you something.

AGNIESKA digs through her designer PURSE and pulls out a brand-new TABLET, all of which ALICE registers. AGNIESKA pulls up a website: Sugargirl.com

The image of a busty young blonde woman, not unlike ALICE, pops up. She's drinking champagne and in the glass is a diamond heart necklace.

ALICE
No, no, no...I'm not doing porn!

AGNIESKA
It's not porn..it's an arrangement site.

ALICE
So you want me to prostitute myself!

AGNIESKA
You don't have to go out with any man you don't want to, and you come to an agreement before anything happens. You know what will be expected and what you'll get in return.

ALICE
But I sleep with them.

AGNIESKA
Only if you want to. It's an arrangement--

ALICE (CONT'D)
I'm not going to sleep with strange men!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2) 38

AGNIESKA
You spend a whole evening with them before anything happens, they'll take you to the opera or to a society party-

ALICE does not respond.

AGNIESKA (CONT'D)
Alitzia, these girls are smart. They can go out one night a week and make what they would for a month at a 7-11. And on top of that if you're sweet, like you are? They get bonuses, they get jewelry, they get treated like a princess. They go to college! That's what I want for you, sweetheart. Is that so wrong?

ALICE
I'm not going to sleep with men I don't know.
(pointedly)
That ain't MY life!

AGNIESKA steels herself.

AGNIESKA
You forget whose roof you slept under when you were 15, 16, 17, Alitzia. Don't act like you're the Virgin Mary.

ALICE
(abashed)
Those boys didn't pay me.

39 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 39

VERONICA is going through HARRY'S CLOSET. She leans into one of his jackets, almost hugging it. She feels something in the pocket and pulls out some bar matches marked FIRESIDE. She grabs a few other pockets, finds two more FIRESIDE matches. She tucks each of them back in the pockets. Grabs a handful of TIES.

40 INT. PRIVATE GYM - LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 40

Bash, upright, his face concentrated, begins to duck and then re-emerge into the frame. This is repeated several times as he continues his dead squats.

We are in the basement gym of Veronica's apartment building. It's surprisingly small, Bash seems to fill half of it.

40 CONTINUED: 40

Veronica enters with a box. Bash is surprised and embarrassed.

BASH
Harry used to let me come down here and work out when I wanted. Hope that's still OK.

VERONICA
Of course.
(off the box)
Here are some of Harry's clothes. I'm sure he would have wanted you to have these.

Bash looks in the box. It's full of ties.

BASH
You and Harry have given me enough.

VERONICA
Bash, somebody named Jamal came to the apartment. Do you know him?

BASH
(uncomfortable)
Maybe. Faces are better than names.

VERONICA
He says Harry stole his money. Is that true?

BASH
Mainly Harry and I just talked about sports, Mrs. Rawlings. The other things-- I wouldn't want to make a guess-

VERONICA
He wants his money back. He threatened me.

Bash nods.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
There's only about 35 grand in our checking account, which means in a couple of months I'll have to move out.
(pause)
Bash. Is there anything else?

BASH
Just the envelope. I gave that to you, right?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2) 40

She takes it out of her purse. Shows him the key.

BASH (CONT'D)
Harry said-- if anything happened, that envelope would take care of it.

VERONICA
(considers the address)
Will you take me here?

41 INT. JEWELLERY STORE - SECRET ROOM - DAY 41

VERONICA enters a one-story glass-front building displaying cheap jewelry. She walks through a maze of glass cases and mirrored cabinets to the back of the store. We are now in a room cluttered with personal effects. A MAN slowly opens a large safe door, placing the safe deposit box on a nearby table, then pushing the door firmly shut.

VERONICA nods a dismissal and waits for him to leave. She takes out the KEY and opens the box. Sees nothing. She shakes it and down comes a NOTEBOOK. She flips through it and we see lists of money, names, phone numbers, addresses, notes, and diagrams.

She sticks it in her handbag and leaves.

42 EXT. 18TH WARD LOT - LATE DAY 42

Jack is meeting and greeting - a very small group, about 20 total. Half are PRESS, holding notepads and cameras, trying to get a quote. Some locals - women with strollers, old men and a few gangbangers - watch from the sidelines with bemusement, annoyance, or indifference.

A flimsy BANNER reads: MULLIGAN! Taking back the 18th one block at a time!

Jack is shaking hands with a reluctant group of women, all black, who've been corralled for a photo op.

JACK
What's your name?

LAQUISHA
Laquisha.

JACK
Laquisha! Jack Mulligan. Great to meet you.
(to a younger woman)
And you are?

42 CONTINUED: 42

SIOBHAN is trailing him, aiming him toward a space in the very small crowd so he can make his statement.

SIOBHAN
(under breath)
McRoberts to your left.

JACK
On it.

McRoberts, a worn-looking journalist, 40s to 50s, is maneuvering toward Jack, dictaphone in hand. Jack begins seamlessly moving to his right, putting the group of mostly black women between the two white men. Glad handing.

Having put a safe distance between him and McRoberts, Jack plants himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
Today we are standing on a vacant lot. Tomorrow-- thanks to the Minority Women Owned Work Initiative my father supported-- this will be a thriving business owned and operated by the women of this ward! And I want to continue the work he started--

Uninspired scattering of applause.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let me here you say M-Wow! M-Wow!

Siobhan is the only person who really responds.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is the fourteenth business opened in the past three years! And as long as there's a Mulligan in office-- there will be fourteen more in my first term.

More vague applause. McROBERTS raises a hand. Ignored.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now. Where are my "Success Stories?" Come on up here.

A half dozen women have various stages of reaction: A few are enthusiastic, more are frowning, others look outright pissed. We'll find out why later.

MCROBERTS
Mr. Mulligan?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2) 42

JACK
(talking over McRoberts)
These women aren't just in business for themselves, they're in business for their communities. Over a million dollars they've generated in the past three years. Money that Stays. Here.

More scattered applause.

MCROBERTS
Mr. Mulligan: an audit by the Cook County Comptroller shows over 5 million dollars in overages from the proposed extension of the Green Line-

JACK
Let's hear it for these women.

MCROBERTS (CONT'D)
During the time when you were head of the CTA's commission--

SIOBHAN directs the women to surround Jack for a photo shoot, conducting the photographers.

MCROBERTS (CONT'D)
A position you were appointed to by your father.

Jack can't ignore him anymore.

JACK
Mayor Richard J. Daley served this city back when my grandfather was alderman and lived around the corner from here. He had a son-- who also served as mayor of this city. The Mulligans serve this city-- anyway they can. Our enemies call it nepotism-- we call it civic duty. Service.

MCROBERTS (CONT'D)
Do you care to comment on the contracts you awarded while serving on the commission?

Jack has had it. Makes a stand.

JACK
The Green Line should serve the people of this ward-- and it can bring customers to businesses like this. And at the end of the day it can take these workers home. Without that kind of infrastructure, MWOW is just another empty gesture doomed to fail. My father chose me for that commission because he taught me about this neighborhood;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3) 42

JACK (CONT'D)
taught me to empower the very people that this city has overlooked for so long-- But, I see you, 18th! And I'll make sure the rest of Chicago does, too.

Jack waves and ducks into the car.

43 INT. JACK'S CAR DRIVING - THE 18TH WARD 43

An area that is obviously economically decrepit. As we roll northward and cross a street, large detached villas fenced by iron gates suddenly emerge as if one turn of the steering wheel has moved us in time and place. THIS is Jack Mulligan's area. Jack Mulligan is in the back of the town car, JOHN at the wheel. We only see JOHN through the glass of the partition.

JACK
That fucking scum bag McRoberts. Can he ever give up? He has been shit on the sole of my family's shoes forever. Christ, if only he knew that I've been covering for my father for years he would have some respect.

SIOBHAN
I wouldn't worry about McRoberts. I would be more worried about the numbers. Your friend Jamal is no joke.

BEAT.

JACK
Tell me, have you ever slept with a black guy?

SIOBHAN
I'm sorry?

JACK
You heard me. Have you ever slept with a black guy?

SIOBHAN
What does that have to do with Jamal - or anything?

JACK
Just answer the question.

SIOBHAN
We are in a situation where you could lose everything.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
You've got the IG's office and the Feds breathing down your neck. You've got Jamal Manning climbing in the polls.
(MORE)

43 CONTINUED: (2) 43

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
And all you're concerned with is whether your dick is bigger than his?

Jack looks out the window, shaking his head.

Beat.

JACK
What are we fighting for? This?
(gestures out window)
These people are killing each other. This is not where I want to raise my children. What are we fighting for exactly? I feel suffocated. I'm not a Mulligan. I'm my mother's child God rest her soul. She had to put up with so much shit from my father. I never wanted to be in this fucking business. I just want to be free of this shit. Travel, see the world. What happened to me?

SIOBHAN
Wake up, Jack. Our families came here with nothing and made something out of this shithole. We *are* this city. And to answer your question - yes - and it hurt like hell.

44 INT. HARRY'S SUV - LATER 44

Bash drives Veronica through a neighborhood on the west side. Bash wears one of Harry's ties.

BASH
You don't have to keep me around the way Harry did, Mrs. Rawlings-- I mean, if you want to hire someone else-

VERONICA
I can't afford to hire someone else, Bash. I can't even afford to keep you--

Bash nods.

BASH
Don't worry about me-- I can go back to doing security at a bar or something part-time.

44 CONTINUED: 44

VERONICA
What if I give you the car?

Beat.

BASH
This car?

VERONICA
You drive me. Help me get back on my feet- you keep the car.

BASH
Where do you want to go--

She hands him the book of matches: Fireside.

45 INT. FIRESIDE BAR - A LITTLE LATER 45

Bobby Welsh sits at a table at the back of his empty bar with Veronica. An old jukebox plays Bob Dylan's "Blood on the Tracks". Dylan's whiny voice perfumes the air.

WELSH
No disrespect Mrs. Rawlings, but when I said I would do anything to help you with your life-- that did not include ending it.

VERONICA
It's not my plan, it's Harry's. All that you need is a crew to pull it off-

WELSH
All I need? All I need is a medical miracle-- I can't even get out of bed by myself.

VERONICA
I know you know people, Mr. Welsh. People who cared about Harry. People who do these things. I'll sell you the book- pay me after the job.

Beat.

WELSH
The people I know are never gonna pay you for a notebook, Mrs. Rawlings. But, if the real criminals knew you had it they'd probably take it from you.
(MORE)

45 CONTINUED: 45

WELSH (CONT'D)
So, let's pretend you just came down here to reminisce- refill Harry's flask and have a drink.

She takes this in.

VERONICA
What if I told you Harry owed a lot of money-- and now those people want it from me?

WELSH
And what if I told you a construction accident didn't put me in this chair? A debt did.

She gets it.

WELSH (CONT'D)
I'm not sure where souls like Harry's wind up-- but I'm betting I'm going wherever he is now. And I sure as shit don't want him smacking me in the face when I get there for helping a smart woman do a stupid thing. This is not your world. Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's, Mrs. Rawlings. Harry left you that notebook for a reason, use it to settle the debt. It might be your only chance.

46 EXT. FIRESIDE BAR - LATER 46

Veronica exits and gets into the car with Bash, they drive away.

Observing them across the street, JATEMME sits in a car reading along to an audiobook of Paradise by Toni Morrison.

JATEMME
They shoot the white girl first. With the rest they can take their time. No need to hurry out here. They are seventeen miles from a town which has ninety miles between it and any other. Hiding places will be plentiful in the Convent, but there is time and the day has just begun.

47 INT. HARRY'S SUV 47

Veronica's car takes off. BASH looks in his rearview mirror to see Veronica looking sullen, detached, lost.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

Veronica looks down to her bag and takes out the notebook, she moves her hand along the cover, a connection to Harry.

At that moment Veronica looks up instinctively, catching Bash's eyes in the mirror. Bash reverts his eyes to the road.

48 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LATER 48

VERONICA, in her silk PJs, pours over the notebook from the SAFE DEPOSIT BOX; giving it all the attention of a great page-turner.

VERONICA'S manicured hands pore over the notebook from the safe deposit box. Both sides of the diary are covered with Harry's intricate writing - years of planning. She turns a page to see a matchbook for the FIRESIDE BAR lodged in the centre of a page. We see to the left of the matchbook the name BOBBY WELSH circled.

48 CONTINUED: 48

She turns another page and a FOLDED BLUEPRINT drops out - she opens and scans it quickly. She then pulls out a large brown envelope with a logo depicting 'L.V.' in a padlock, turns it to see 'KEN THORPE, CEO' handwritten on the back, and peels it open to find a handful of photographs. The photos show middle-aged man KEN THORPE, clothed but in disarray, has sex in the front seat of a car (or alternative location) with a NAKED, DARK-HAIRED GIRL much, much younger than him.

NB VERONICA'S NAILS TO BE IN BETTER CONDITION THAN IN CURRENT CUT

She then returns her attention to the notebook.

And then a date: **August 2nd.**

She thinks about it.

49 INT. WOMEN'S SPA LOBBY - DAY 49

ALICE is trying to check in, as a severe-looking white woman looks at her doubtfully, clicking keys on a computer.

WOMAN
You're not listed as a member.

ALICE
No, no I'm not a member, I'm meeting a member - Mrs. Rawlings?

Behind her LINDA has entered and overheard. We see her assess the place and puff herself up accordingly.

LINDA
My name is Linda. She's with me and we are both with Veronica Rawlings.

WOMAN
Why don't you wait-

LINDA
No thank you.

LINDA walks towards the interior glass doors. Alice catches up.

ALICE
Thanks. I'm Alice.

LINDA
Hi, I'm Linda.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

ALICE
These fancy places kinda-

LINDA
Freak you out? That's what they want. Gotta fight it.

50 EXT. SPA BUILDING - DAY 50

VERONICA stands on the opposite side of the street from the spa building, frozen, staring at it. Not knowing whether to commit or not. We leave her static.

51 INT. SPA BAR - DAY 51

Alice and Linda in robes now, sipping champagne.

ALICE
Are you sure we should be ordering champagne?

LINDA
Sure, she invited us.

ALICE
Did she tell you anything else on the phone?

LINDA
Just the time and place. And now she's late.

ANGLE ON

VERONICA emerges from the elevator. She spies the two women sharing a joke and walks towards them.

VERONICA
Is one of you Alice?

Alice nods. A bit surprised. It's awkward. Did she overhear their conversation?

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Amanda?

LINDA
Linda. Who's Amanda?

VERONICA
(curt)
Let's hope it doesn't matter. I'm Veronica Rawlings. Harry's wife.

Linda observes Veronica and her sophisticated clothing.

LINDA
You're Harry's wife!? How did you guys meet?

51 CONTINUED: 51

Veronica stares her down.

VERONICA
Follow me.

52 INT. SAUNA - DAY 52

The three women are perspiring, wrapped in towels. The feeling is one of discomfort. This is the first time they're meeting, and they're virtually naked. The only one who seems to be comfortable is VERONICA.

VERONICA
Your husbands worked a long time for my husband.

LINDA
With your husband.

VERONICA
How are you both doing for money?

ALICE and LINDA balk when asked so frankly. VERONICA opens a toiletry bag, and hands them each a pad of money.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Here, to tide you over.

LINDA
Til what?

A woman, late 20s, enters to join them in the SAUNA. VERONICA, annoyed, goes immediately over to pour water on the coals - the STEAM and heat rises.

VERONICA
(to Alice)
So, how are your children?

ALICE
(pointing to Linda)
She's the one with kids.

Silence. VERONICA puts more water on the coals. HOTTER. The woman twists in her towel.

VERONICA
I have a business proposition for you both. If you have a high risk threshold.

VERONICA pours MORE water and stands pointedly with another ladle ready. The woman finally flees.

52 CONTINUED: 52

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Listen to me. We're in trouble. It was Jamal Manning's money our husbands stole.

The name means something to Linda.

ALICE
Who is that?

LINDA
Not someone you want to fuck with.

ALICE
Because?

LINDA
Because he has people. People who kill people.

Alice looks nervous.

VERONICA
The money burnt up in the van and now Jamal Manning-- he wants it back.

LINDA
From who? From us, or from you?

VERONICA
Harry left me plans for his next job. It's worth 5 million dollars. I'd use 2 million to pay back the Mannings and then we'd split the rest.

ALICE
You want us to-

VERONICA
Pull off the job, yes. One million each.

ALICE
One million?

VERONICA, wilting in the heat, sits herself straight upright.

VERONICA
Now, maybe you have a secret plan, or special skill that can make you that kind of money-- but if you don't, in the middle of those pads of money is an address. Meet me there at eleven fifteen tomorrow.

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

ALICE
And what if we say no?

LINDA
Jamal Manning could show up at our apartments. Our husbands stole from him.
(looks at Veronica)
She could give them our names-

VERONICA
I never once said I would do that.

LINDA
11:15 AM?

VERONICA
PM.

LINDA
That's not easy with kids.

VERONICA
That's not my problem.

ALICE
I don't want any trouble.

VERONICA
We're on our own. Our husbands aren't coming back. I'll be there tomorrow. I hope I'll see you both. I'll leave at 11:30.

VERONICA leaves.

53 INT. CHURCH - MORNING 53

Reverend Wheeler, early 50s, stands at the pulpit. We have caught him in the middle of a sermon.

WHEELER
... so what has happened in the world that normal now passes as excellence? When did we lower our standards? There seems to be no expectation of going above and beyond what one might know or might want to know. It seems people are blissful in their own ignorance.
How far have we fallen?
(pause)
Indeed, how far have we fallen? We're living in an environment where people are blind.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

WHEELER (CONT'D)
What you don't see, you don't know. Out of sight, out of mind.
So now ignorance is the new normal. In fact, ignorance is the new excellence.
The less you know, the more seemingly you gain. Not to care is deemed to be smart.
How far have we fallen?
Who are we and what are we when we don't see each other?
(MORE)

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Who are we and what are we when we don't think of each other?
When you subtract love from any equation, from any situation, from any location the result is always hurt and pain on all sides.
That is why we need to bring love back into the equation.
LOVE.

In Jesus' words,
"Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."
A lot of people are blind but they are not deaf. Louder!
"Thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

The congregation picks up on the mantra. We see JAMAL and NOEL. The congregation starts repeating Reverend Wheeler's lines. It sounds like waves crashing on the shore, one after the other. We abruptly CUT to EMPTY CHURCH

54 INT. EMPTY CHURCH 54

Wheeler extends his hand.

WHEELER
Noel, how are you my brother!

NOEL
Reverend!

WHEELER
And Jamal-- you know that's Arabic for 'beauty.' And it is beautiful to see you.

JAMAL
Good to meet you, Reverend. Admired you from afar-

WHEELER
And now you can do it up close. Take a seat, take a seat.

They sit.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
How about I go first?

Jamal nods.

54 CONTINUED: 54

WHEELER (CONT'D)
(almost like a sermon, he begins)
As of last Monday, you were behind by 12 points.

NOEL
Now, it's 9-- margin of error-- could be 7.

WHEELER
Could also be 11, too. I thought I was going first?

Noel sighs.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Election is less than a month away. If I was a doctor, I'd be telling you to get your affairs in order. And three weeks from now, you won't need a doctor- you'll be asking someone like me to give you Last Rites.

JAMAL
So, says you.

WHEELER
So says me. Exactly, me. The guy with the largest congregation in your ward and an even larger outreach. I've known the Mulligan's since I became a Pastor.

JAMAL
He's not helping anybody -

WHEELER
Like I said, I know him.

JAMAL
So, you're endorsing Mulligan. Can we go now-

WHEELER
I did not say that. The ward has been re-warded. The Mulligans weren't playing ball. For the first time, someone like us has got a shot and I'd be an idiot to ignore that.

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54

JAMAL
I'm going to cut to the chase. We're in the driving seat but we don't have any wheels. We need your endorsement and your contribution to get us across the finish line.

WHEELER
How much of a contribution do you need? And what's it worth to you?

NOEL
You mean worth in terms of funding? I can fill you in on that. But what matters is, you're with us.

Wheeler's phone begins to ring. He looks.

WHEELER
Someone's ears were burning.
(beat)
Gentlemen. Let's discuss this further another time. One always has to weigh out options.

He walks out.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Jack Mulligan! How are you...

JAMAL
(to Noel)
Whatever happened to practice what you preach?

55 INT. BLACK HAIR SALON - 18TH WARD - NIGHT 55

BELLE MONROW, petite and pretty with boyish hair, is braiding a female client.

CLIENT 1
So I said to her, "How do you know that's true? Who told you that?" And of course, she couldn't answer.

Belle responds with a weary, "MmmHmm." The client continues to talk while Belle pretends to take interest. The salon has way more chairs empty than full. Two women sit underneath 1970s hair dryers, two seats apart, iPhones in hands. The only other active presence is a large television tuned to a black music channel blaring out the latest jams.

55 CONTINUED: 55

An inaudible argument seeps through the plywood walls. Just as BELLE goes to investigate, JOHN, wearing a grey suit with a black backpack draped over one shoulder emerges from the back room, purposefully making his way out of the store.

CLIENT 1 (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

BREECHELLE, the owner, emerges, trying her best to appear as if nothing has happened. She takes out a box of hair grease and starts stacking the bottles on the shelves by the sink. Her face gives way to the anger and frustration bubbling underneath as she places each bottle down firmly. BELLE approaches her discretely.

BELLE
What's going on? Who is that guy? What does he want?

BREECHELLE
Look. I don't want to talk about it.

BELLE
Breechelle, are you in any trouble?

WOMAN UNDER DRYER
(shouts from afar)
How long am I supposed to be under this thing?

BREECHELLE
(to Belle)
I said I don't want to talk about it.

BREECHELLE makes her way to the WOMAN UNDER DRYER.

56 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 56

LINDA is pacing as her PJ'd children watch. Looks at the clock: 9:38. She makes a call. Straight to voicemail.

LINDA
Jasmine, it's Linda again. Where are you? It's almost 10.
(under breath)
Shit.

She looks at her phone and goes to WindyCitySitters.com. Clicks on AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW! She scrolls through the photos (it doesn't look that different from ALICE's escort site, except that these women are dressed like babysitters). She sees a sitter close to her house-(4 miles).

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

A pretty, smiling black woman with her daughter, college grad, background check completed.

57 INT. BELLE'S HOUSE - LAWNDALE - NIGHT 57

Belle enters her apartment. Small, but neat. Her daughter, 4, meets her. BELLE's mom, SUZETTE, 45, is half-watching TV. Belle's daughter hugs her Momma.

SUZETTE
You look beat.

BELLE
Up since 5:30. Had to-

Her PHONE rings. Belle's daughter grabs for it, but Belle takes it away.

BELLE (CONT'D)
Hello?

LINDA (O.S.)
Hi, my name is Linda. I have two kids, 4 and 6. I live at 3643 W. 22nd. Twelve dollars an hour. Could you come now?

Beat.

BELLE
I can take the bus and be there in about 20 minutes-

MOM and Belle's daughter give twin sad looks.

LINDA
Take a cab; I'll pay for it.

BELLE
Cabs are a little hard for me. Twenty minutes.

She hangs up.

SUZETTE
Baby, you just got home.

BELLE
$12 bucks an hour. Gotta take it.

BELLE pulls open the fridge. Taking a can, she guzzles half and places the rest on the counter. She turns to kiss her daughter. Their lips barely touch before she turns again to leave. The door slams behind her.

58 EXT. LAWNDALE STREET - NIGHT 58

She exits into a dark street, streetlights not working, broken glass and boarded up houses, a group of guys passing a bottle on the corner.

BELLE takes a breath and begins running, quickly, past them. They're all watching but not following.

The bus is passing as she hits the main street: she puts on the jets and catches it, slips into the safety of the light.

59 INT. HARRY'S SUV - NIGHT 59

Bash and Veronica make their way across the city. Her handbag and Olivia on the seat next to her. The tension is palpable.

60 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 60

Belle shows up sweaty; Linda can't hide her surprise.

BELLE
I ran.

LINDA
You ran?

BELLE
Just the last mile-it was quicker.

LINDA gives her a slightly suspicious look.

BELLE (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I'm fine.

Linda's kids survey the panting sitter.

BELLE (CONT'D)
Hey, guys...I'm Belle...I'm gonna hang out with you while your mama's out doing what she needs to do...

LINDA gives a worried glance at her kids.

BELLE (CONT'D)
I got one myself. We'll be fine. Promise.

61 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 61

We are high up, the view is decorated by the glittering lights of Chicago reflected through the floor to ceiling glass of the skyscraper.

61 CONTINUED: 61

The bar is dimly lit and we hear a soft-fingered melody being played on the piano.

ALICE, wearing a HERVE LEGER BANDAGE DRESS that she is spilling out of, scans the BAR and catches the eye of an impatient man (DAVID) having a drink at the bar. He checks a photo on his phone-- matches it to the Alice in front of him.

He walks toward her.

DAVID
(off the photo)
You must be Alice. You look just like you.

ALICE
I'll take that as a compliment.

DAVID
And you should. Although you're even more stunning in person. I'm David.

He sticks out his hand. She takes it.

ALICE
David...?

He's not giving up a last name. At least not yet.

DAVID
Just David for now.

He pulls out the chair for her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Can I buy you a drink?

ALICE
Definitely. Vodka rocks.

DAVID
Excellent. Are you Russian?

ALICE
(a bit nervous)
Polish. American. My grandmother came over. But I just like vodka. I mean, not like I drink it every day-

He sits back and smiles at her.

DAVID
No, no. Of course not.

61 CONTINUED: (2) 61

The WAITRESS happens past.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Excuse me, can you get Alice here a Vodka rocks?

ALICE
And what are you drinking?

DAVID
I'm happy with my ginger ale.

The waitress puts down a paper napkin and moves off.

ALICE
I think maybe I'm nervous.

DAVID
I think maybe that's charming.

ALICE
Is it?

DAVID
Have you done this before?

ALICE
I'm not entirely sure how to answer that- if I say 'no' what would you do?

DAVID
Say something reassuring.

ALICE
OK. Do that.

DAVID
I feel lucky to have met you tonight. I hope as time goes on you'll feel the same way.

He raises a glass and gives her a peck on the cheek-- hand on her thigh. It's awkward. She glances at the bar clock.

62 EXT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT 62

A crane shot of a rough neighbourhood. We tilt down to discover HARRY'S SUV driving to the back of the hideout (from left to right) and pulling to a halt.

Veronica and Bash stop outside an old industrial building.

62 CONTINUED: 62

VERONICA
Wait for me here.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2) 62

BASH
I really don't think this is a good idea, Mrs. Rawlings.

She enters the hideout and turns on the light.

A FAIRLY EMPTY ROOM

VERONICA looks around, drinking it all in, Olivia at her heels, sniffing at a pair of collapsed overalls, obviously Harry's. Olivia begins to whine. Veronica pauses and takes stock.

63 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 63

ALICE and DAVID are a few drinks in now. They stand at the window surveying the Chicago skyline.

ALICE
(pointing at a building)
That one.

DAVID
Marina City. 587 feet.

ALICE
(pointing at another)
And that one?

DAVID
Jewelers Building. Designed by Glaver and Dinkelberg. 523 feet.

ALICE
How do you know all that?

DAVID
I told you. I develop buildings-- big ones. Some you can see from here-- some in other countries.

He puts his hand against the small of her back. Testing.

63 CONTINUED: 63

ALICE
(she turns to the window--
picks out another
building)
And that one?

DAVID
That one's a hotel-- want to go?

She smiles nervously.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You're delaying the inevitable.

ALICE
No, no, this is just so nice.

She looks at the clock: 10:45.

DAVID
Do you have another date after this?

ALICE
No!

DAVID
May I be direct with you, Alice who drinks vodka?

She nods. He closes in. Seductive.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Look, I promise I'm a nice guy. I used to be married. Two amazing years followed by three shitty ones. I work 80 hours a week. I miss the intimacy. I miss how women smell and talk. I don't miss the way my wife dropped her clothes on the floor or guilted me when I worked late.

ALICE
So you want all the good stuff and none of the bad.

DAVID
Don't you?

He smiles at her-- very smooth. Alice peers up towards the clock once again. She weighs up her options.

64 INT HIDEOUT - NIGHT 64

VERONICA is pacing, Olivia trotting behind. The door rattles at a few minutes before 11pm. LINDA enters, panting a bit.

VERONICA
You're late.

LINDA
You're early. I'm right on time.

Linda looks at the empty room.

LINDA (CONT'D)
At least I'm here.

She hands her some latex gloves.

VERONICA
Put these on.

As Linda does so, she notices a pair of beat-up white sneakers. Acknowledging them as Carlos', she tentatively walks towards them to find a pair of his old jeans draped over a stool.

65 INT. FIRESIDE BAR - NIGHT 65

The bar is closed. JATEMME enters, walking around the curved empty counter, revealing BOBBY WELSH alone, at the top of one of the bowling alleys, cleaning up.

The Pretenders' "Brass in Pocket" echoes.

Out of WELSH's sight, BIG GUY stands guarding the door.

JATEMME
Hello.

WELSH
We're closed. Can I help you?

Jatemme approaches, footsteps echoing on the wooden floor.

JATEMME
I'm here with a few questions. About Harry Rawlings.

WELSH meets his stare.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
I'm betting you heard he stole from the Manning brothers.

65 CONTINUED: 65

WELSH
Really? Score one for us.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2) 65

JATEMME
I want you to tell me why.

WELSH
What makes you think I care about your wants?

In one smooth move, Jatemme reaches over, grabs WELSH's left arm, and stabs him with the letter opener in the bicep. WELSH screams.

WELSH (CONT'D)
What the fuck?!

At that same moment, WELSH reaches and reveals from underneath his seat a thin metal night stick, which pops up double the size. He swings wildly at Jatemme, putting him totally off balance, crashing him and the chair to the floor.

WELSH (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Jesus Fucking Christ, you shit!

JATEMME
(now looming over him)
Why'd he fucking do it?

WELSH
I don't know!

JATEMME
Let me ask you again. Why'd he do it?

WELSH steels himself. Jatemme begins to laugh, stabbing him again in the thigh with the letter opener.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
Did you feel that?
(pausing, in a concerned way:)
I see you're paralyzed, is it from the waist down? Or is it from the chest down?
Do you feel this?
(thrusting again)

Futilely on his stomach and forearms, Welsh attempts to evade.

WELSH
Fuck you!

JATEMME
What about that?

65 CONTINUED: (3) 65

Jatemme again stoops down, plunging the letter opener deep into WELSH's flesh. WELSH screams.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
How about here? You feel?
(goes for his right arm, WELSH shrieks)
Oh, you feel that?

Jatemme is now on the floor next to WELSH, propping his head up casually with his hand, as if he has all the time in the world

JATEMME (CONT'D)
Oh, this is like that old board game, Operation, you know that old game? Now where's the bread basket?

Blood now gushing from WELSH's wounds.

WELSH
Okay okay! Stop!

JATEMME
(still lying next to him on the floor)
So once again: why - did - he - do it? Does his wife know?

WELSH
She didn't know anything about anything he did!

Jatemme traces the blade along WELSH's arm.

JATEMME
Does that tickle?

WELSH
Fuck! OK! She's got his notebook! Just get the notebook!

JATEMME
What do I want with a notebook?

WELSH
Harry was old-school. Wrote every single detail of every job down on paper. Never used a cell or email.

JATEMME
How that gonna help me?

65 CONTINUED: (4) 65

WELSH
It's all in there! Every contact, every bribe. The last job, the next job. Every detail down to the fucking piss breaks!

Jatemme gets to his feet, brushing off his knees.

JATEMME
And if this is bullshit?

WELSH
(writhing in pain)
She has it...I swear.

JATEMME, walking backwards, facing WELSH, makes his way to the top of the bowling alley.

JATEMME
And that means fuck all to me. I have a no-kill order right now. Your timing is very fortunate, but if I find out you're lying to me, there will be an unfortunate act of God.

Picking up a ball, Jatemme rolls and aims, hitting Bobby in the forehead.

66 INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT 66

It's twenty five after.

VERONICA
We can't do it just the two of us. It's over. She's a flake.

LINDA
Give her five more minutes.

VERONICA
Why?

LINDA
Our lives are...trickier than yours.

VERONICA begins to attach Olivia's leash to her collar.

VERONICA
What's tricky about telling time? If she can't show up when it's easy, how do we count on her showing-

Alice rushes in wearing her sexy dress.

66 CONTINUED: 66

VERONICA (CONT'D)
What the hell are you wearing?

ALICE
I'm here. I didn't have to come, but I did-

VERONICA
If you feel you don't have to be here then you probably shouldn't be. There's the door. In or out?
(BEAT)
Out, you can take your chances with the Manning brothers. In, and there's no going back.

LINDA
How do I know what 'in' even means?

ALICE
And why should we trust you anyway?

Veronica seethes.

VERONICA
Because I'm all that's standing between you and a bullet in the head.

Alice nods. Backing down in the face of Veronica's power.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
And because I won't ask you to do anything I wouldn't do myself. Leave, and you're on your own.

Pause.

LINDA
In.

ALICE
In.

Veronica opens the notebook.

VERONICA
Like I said, the next job is worth 5 million, in which 2 goes to the Mannings. From what I can tell from Harry's notebook, the money is either in a house or an apartment. First thing we're gonna need is a van.

66 CONTINUED: (2) 66

ALICE
Don't you have a car? Probably a nice one.

VERONICA
That car is registered to Harry. Think: what do you think will happen if they pull us over?

ALICE
Fine. I'll do it. I'll buy the van.

VERONICA
Good. Progress.

She gives her some money. Linda eyes the money.

LINDA
And what do I do? I can hot wire a car.

VERONICA
(dismissively)
Of course you can.

VERONICA hands LINDA the blueprint of a room.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Find out what this is and where it is?

LINDA
You're kidding me. How am I supposed to know how to do that?

VERONICA
By being smarter than you are right now. We work out what we need and we take it from there. We meet here Wednesday. Midnight. I expect those items to be off the list.

LINDA
I might need some money. You know, transport.

Veronica palms Linda some money. She hands them both BURNER CELLS.

VERONICA
Use only in emergency.

ALICE
Didn't you call us on our cells? Could someone be tracking those calls?

66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

Veronica gives Alice more money, ignoring her question. It's almost like a punishment for talking back.

VERONICA
That's for the guns.

ALICE
Guns?

VERONICA
(off the book)
Three glocks. Ammo, too. No more than $2,000.

ALICE
Me? From where?

VERONICA
It's America, guns are not hard to find.

A pregnant pause as the WIDOWS take in the moment.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
You can go now.

ALICE
I feel like we should do something. To make it official.

VERONICA
This isn't a sorority. We're breaking the law.

She leads them out into the night air. We see Bash scurry back to the SUV, suspiciously, as if he has been listening to every word inside of the hideout. He opens the car door for Veronica. He gets into the driver's seat and drives away, leaving Alice and Linda in the exhaust.

ALICE
I think she's crazy.

LINDA
Yeah, that bitch is definitely crazy, but she's got money. Let's see how this plays out.

ALICE
Can you really hotwire a car?

LINDA
(chuckles)
Please.

66 CONTINUED: (4) 66

They burst into laughter, puncturing the tension.

67 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 67

LINDA walks into her apartment. All dark and quiet.

LINDA
Belle?

Out of the kids' room storms Lita.

LITA
(in Spanish)
Where the hell were you?

LINDA
(in English)
Dinner.

LITA
Your husband isn't even dead a month yet and you're out drinking...and you left your children with a mayate.

Linda's face now turns to rage. Her soft voice disguises her mounting fury.

LINDA
I think it's time for you to leave.

Before Lita gets her arm all the way through the sleeve of her coat, Linda takes her handbag, opens the door, and throws the purse into the street. Its contents scatter.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Get out.

Lita hurries out of the door. She locates her purse, fumblingly gathering up her belongings. She looks up at Linda.

LITA
I'm gonna get DCFS onto you-- I'm going to get custody. You're a terrible mother.

Linda slams the door.

68 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 68

ALICE opens the door to AGNIESKA.

AGNIESKA
Where'd he take you?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68

ALICE is yanking herself out of her dress as she walks back up the stairs.

ALICE
This new place downtown.

AGNIESKA
(ignoring her)
And then?

She arrives at the top of the stairs, walking into the living room.

ALICE
Nothing. It was a first date. He was nervous.

AGNIESKA
It's your job to soothe his nerves.

ALICE
It's not my job to do anything.

Alice takes a lipstick out of her CLUTCH handbag and tosses it back on to her vanity. A WAD OF CASH sticks out from the purse.

Agnieska clocks the money.

AGNIESKA
(not believing her)
Kochanie! For not doing anything you were paid well.

Alice realizes her mom has seen the cash for the car and the guns.

ALICE
(annoyed)
That makes you happy, doesn't it?

Agnieska is confused by her daughter's attitude.

ALICE (CONT'D)
As long as I have a purse full of cash, I'm a good little daughter.

AGNIESKA
I just want to see you taken care of.

ALICE
Well, maybe I'm taking care of myself.

69 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 69

VERONICA, awake in bed, staring at the ceiling.

CLOSE UP of VERONICA as she lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, remembering her son's funeral.

OLIVIA trots around the bed. VERONICA closes her eyes:

70 FLASHBACK - LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 70

Three months after Marcus' death.

Harry's face in close up. Eyes closed. VERONICA hovers over him, in bed, as if examining him. Her gaze lingers. She traces his eyebrows, his nose, his lips.

Harry's eyes slowly open. He begins to smile. Veronica's face doesn't reciprocate. Harry's face straightens.

The moment is held.

Veronica breaks off her gaze, rolling over, turning her back. Sadness in her eyes.

VERONICA
I never thought I'd end up with a white man. Or a criminal.

HARRY, now alert.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
The first time I met you it was like being possessed. You were like no man I'd ever met. I remember trying to shake it, shake you. It was a feeling, all over my body. I knew. And I knew you felt it too. Maybe I sensed that you were dangerous even then. Maybe that feeling was a warning, which I misunderstood.

Harry rolls to his side, putting his arm around her.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
You need to stop. This is not the life I wanted. We had something.. that held us together. Now it's gone. He's gone...

He keeps his arm around her. Then kisses her on the back.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Fucking me won't make it better.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

Emotion brimming, Harry can't find his words. His head sinks to his chest.

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

HARRY
(gently)
I should have killed that cop.

VERONICA
Revenge doesn't heal.

HARRY
I did what you wanted me to do. I took it up the ass, sideways. I lost my son. My only child. My future. Don't make me feel like my only regret is having a child with you.

VERONICA
Maybe you're right. If you'd had him with someone else, he'd still be alive.

HARRY limbers up, resigned.

He looks up to the ceiling, takes a deep breath and exhales. He bends to kiss a wooden Veronica. He's familiar with the ups and downs of her mourning, but it's taking a toll. He leaves the room.

We hear the sound of a SHOWER being switched on.

She takes a deep breath, steadies herself. A long moment passes as she looks into the distance.

PRE-LAP: a PHONE RINGS

71 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM 71

Veronica answers the phone.

VERONICA
(on phone)
Hi...No...no...not busy...Just, you know, it comes in waves...and yourself? Sure, sure...I can do that.

72 INT. CAFE - A LITTLE LATER 72

Amanda and Veronica meet.

AMANDA
I wasn't trying to be rude by not turning up. I was just scared, maybe...I don't know, a lot of things: scared, sad. What do they say about grief. How many stages? I'm not sure which one I'm in-

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

Veronica sizes her up.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Maybe I was even angry-- I got the impression from Jimmy he wasn't so sure about this one-- thought Harry was getting sloppy.

VERONICA
Harry wasn't sloppy. That's what I can't understand. Thirty years doing what he did and not one mistake. How did this job go so wrong?

AMANDA
I guess he was human after all. Anyway, I just wanted to call you back and say I appreciate you reaching out like that. And to meet you face to face.

VERONICA
No hard feelings. We all go through it in our own way.

AMANDA
So what did you want to talk to me about?

VERONICA
(searching for words, not wanting Amanda to really know why she had called her)
I just wanted to know how you were after losing your husband.

AMANDA
I'm a single parent with a 4 month old baby boy. How are you coping on your own?

VERONICA
I'm getting through it.

AMANDA
What are you gonna do?

Beat.

VERONICA
Look for answers. I'm figuring it out.

Amanda nods.

72 CONTINUED: (2) 72

AMANDA
Well, I hope he left you enough to start over-- maybe go somewhere else.

73 EXT. CAR AUCTION - DAY 73

ALICE is in the middle of a rough, seedy crowd trying to see. She feels awkwardly out of place. Some men make way for her; others obstruct. The auctions whir past. One guy helps her while hitting on her. Three cars all being auctioned at once.

CAR GUY
You don't want this one, the gear shift pops out over 60.

Next car.

CAR GUY (CONT'D)
This one looks good but you'll be at the mechanic all the time.
(pause)
What do you want this for?

ALICE
Here's what I need. A van. Good pick-up. Low miles.

CAR GUY
Buy this one, then.

ALICE
Wait, which one?

He points: the one for auction now. ALICE raises her marker. The bidding goes furiously.

CAR GUY
You're going higher than what it's worth.

It continues.

CAR GUY (CONT'D)
A lot higher.

ALICE
Will it do what I asked?

Guy shrugs a yes.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Then it's not too much...my boss is kind of a dick.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

She wins. Does a little happy clap. High on the win.

CAR GUY
Where we going to celebrate?

He calls out something nasty to her as she leaves and she cringes but moves on. Goes to the teller, offers her FAKE ID puts down $6,000 cash.

ALICE
That was my first auction.

TELLER does not give a shit.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Can I please have it delivered-

TELLER
This isn't Grubhub.

TELLER hands her the keys.

74 INT. OFFICE - FIRE DEPARTMENT - DAY 74

Veronica sits across an empty desk. At that moment, a man, heavyset, mid-50s, SEAN DOYLE, dressed in an official uniform enters with a piece of paper. We hear pops of noise from CFD dispatch in the background.

VERONICA
I want to know how my husband died?

DOYLE
Mrs. Rawlings, my name is Sean Doyle. Public Information officer. Your husband and his friends died of severe burns leading to...

VERONICA
Yes. But I want to know the specifics. How he died? What caused it? If the police knew about the warehouse? Knew what they were shooting at?

DOYLE
(warily exhales)
Your husband died in a fire, in a van, in a warehouse. We only deal with the science, the police deal with everything else.

Veronica's burner cell starts to vibrate. She looks at her phone.

75 INT. VAN - DAY 75

VERONICA is in the driver seat. Chilly. ALICE sits sheepishly next to her.

VERONICA
I don't understand how you go to a car auction when you don't know how to drive. How did you think you were going to get it home?

ALICE
I didn't know they just gave it to you right there.

VERONICA
When I assign you a task, you are in charge of that task. I can't think everything through for you. You were meant to drive.
(beat)
Now I'll have to ask Bash.

ALICE
Who is Bash?

VERONICA
Harry's driver.

ALICE
Can we trust him?

VERONICA
Well we have to now.

ALICE
Why don't you ask Linda?

VERONICA
Because we had a plan. Just shut up. Now I have to think.
(beat)
How much did you pay for it?

ALICE
(proudly)
Six thousand.

VERONICA
(unbelievable)
The point of an auction is to pay <u>less</u> than you came with.

75 CONTINUED: 75

ALICE
It was a good deal.

OLIVIA is barking around the back seat.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Don't let your dog shit in my van.

VERONICA
Yours?

ALICE is almost in tears. All the pride she felt in getting the van is wiped.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
We have a lot to do. Crying is not on the list.

76 INT. JAMAL'S HEADQUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUSLY 76

Jamal and Jatemme have a discussion while other volunteers unpack more ELECT MANNING posters that say: MANNING. NOW!

JATEMME
So, Harry Rawlings kept some sort of diary. Liked to write shit down long hand.

JAMAL
What kind of shit?

JATEMME
Plans, people. Details on how he robbed us and who was next. His woman has it.

JAMAL
You sure?

JATEMME
Easy enough to find out. That notebook could lead us to some big money.

JAMAL
You do not touch her. We don't need that heat.

Jatemme nods, contradicting what is going on in his mind.

JATEMME
No touching.

76 CONTINUED: 76

JAMAL
She's got two weeks to pay us back. If she doesn't, she'll need more than a notebook to bargain with.

77 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY 77

LINDA is crouched over an old, giant laptop covered in kids stickers. Blueprint spread out next to her. She sees a B&G logo in the bottom corner. Her kids keep bugging her, saying they're bored.

XAVY
Do we go to Lita's today?

LINDA
Xavy, how many times? Yes.

XAVY
Why do we have to go there?

LINDA
Because Lita loves you.

She plugs in "architects in Chicago" into Google.

LINDA (CONT'D)
It's a temporary arrangement.

GRACIE picks up a VOCODER - a small, disc-shaped voice changing toy - and holds it to her mouth.

GRACIE
(voice changed through vocoder)
Because she's mad at you.

At her desk, LINDA turns to look at GRACIE holding the toy. A lightbulb moment as she recognizes the toy's value.

LINDA
I know...

Linda returns to her laptop.

Up comes in alphabetical order: Bridges and Getty Architects. She gives a jolt of enthusiasm, jots down the address.

XAVY
She says we might live with her.

77 CONTINUED: 77

LINDA
Mama's going to get a really good lawyer and make sure that doesn't happen.

78 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY 78

She watches from a window as her kids hop into a car. LITA is standing outside. Looking up pointedly, at Linda. No smile.

79 INT/EXT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - DAY 79

As Veronica purposefully approaches the police station, Fuller and a junior detective exit the front door of the station. Veronica doesn't recognize him at first, but does a double-take and turns back as they pass her by.

VERONICA
Seargeant Fuller.

Fuller and the junior detective stop and turn.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Hello. I don't think we've met. I'm Veronica Rawlings. Harry Rawlings' wife.

Fuller gestures to the junior detective.

FULLER
I'll catch up with you later.

Fuller now faces Veronica.

FULLER (CONT'D)
I know who you are, Mrs. Rawlings. Please accept my condolences, but it was always going to end like this.

Veronica is perplexed by Fuller's comments.

VERONICA
(now forceful)
Did you know that Harry was on a job that night?

FULLER
Does it matter? Your husband was a criminal.

VERONICA
What I'm saying is my husband is a human being and deserves a proper investigation.

FULLER
What your husband deserves is what he got, which was a very painful death. Now, if you have a complaint, I advise you to make it official. Good day, Mrs. Rawlings.

Fuller strides towards an unmarked car. He enters the backseat and is driven away.

80 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY 80

Jack and his father. Jack reads from a piece of paper. Siobhan takes notes.

JACK
"I remember going to my father's office as a kid and asking him who his boss is? And he told me, "the man who works the elevator, the man who mops the floor, the cop on the corner, the single mother on public assistance on 83rd St. They are all my boss-

Hammering from the construction interrupts.

TOM
Can you get them to fucking stop that?

JACK
They're trying to finish up this week.

Tom gestures to Siobhan. She gets up to deal with it.

TOM
So, get to the part where you say that everything you learned you learned from me? And then we can watch the room of suck-ups vomit in unison at the sight of a spoiled boy fellating his dying father for votes and cash.

Jack tries to keep calm.

JACK
There's a lot of high net worth individuals at this event. I just want to honor you-

TOM
Then win the fucking election. And quit screwing around-

Jack is fed up.

JACK
Coming from you? You wanna tell me you never took a kickback? Never paid a bribe? Traded a favor? Accepted a gift? Never fucked a secretary-- or, lied to a reporter-

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

TOM
What I will tell you is: I never got caught. Of all the things to learn from me you managed to skip that.

Tom walks out and takes the speech away from Jack.

TOM (CONT'D)
I think I'd prefer to write my own intro.

81 EXT. SAILBOAT - LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY - LATER 81

Jack heads out of BELMONT HARBOR on his SAILBOAT-- a 46 FOOT BENETEAU-- on a warm fall day. A nice breeze. Whitecaps on the water.

82 EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY 82

Jack tacks south down the lake front with the city off the starboard side. He takes out a bottle of SCOTCH. And **TWO** GLASSES.

HARRY RAWLINGS emerges from the cabin.

HARRY
Your medical examiner friend open his fucking mouth?

JACK
Not yet, but he wants his money. Even dead bodies cost money in this economy.

HARRY
What about that detective fuck Fuller?

JACK
He's just happy that you'll never show your face in Chicago again. He's retiring a wealthy man.

FLASHBACK - THE WAREHOUSE

Harry slams the rear doors of the van and walks away. The camera lingers on the DRIVER SEAT and we see a CADAVER who looks like Harry seat-belted in.

******NB Greenscreen Element - The cadaver in the driver's seat - from the side (tracking shot), from the front jerking as bullets impact and from the side (wide shot) to cover Harry walking away.******

THE BOAT- REAL TIME

82 CONTINUED: 82

HARRY
Your guys went a little heavy on the accelerants-- I was lucky to get away with half of it.

We see one bag of money resting on a seat at the side of the boat.

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

FLASHBACK - THE WAREHOUSE

Harry activates the garage door opener. As it slowly opens, he pulls his gun out and shoot twice into the floor.

THE BOAT- REAL TIME

JACK
I want the 2 million like we agreed. I'm sure you can make up the rest. You're Harry Rawlings.

HARRY
Even if I could-- I'm out. I thought this was about stopping the Mannings.

FLASHBACK - THE WAREHOUSE

Inside the van Jimmy, Carlos and Florek discover the cadaver. They realize they've been screwed. They pull at door handles that have been disabled. JIMMY NUNN frantically unzips the bags. In one, a thin layer of cash covers AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE. The other is only SHREDDED PAPER. Panic-stricken, the men begin to bang and scratch at the inside of the door.

JIMMY NUNN
You fuck, Rawlings, you fuck-

Harry is at the back door of the warehouse with the real duffel bags full of money. He reaches down and picks up a military-looking detonator stashed behind a barrel, turns away and with his back to the wall detonates...in the background THE VAN explodes!!!

THE BOAT- REAL TIME

JACK
Don't think you can fuck me over like you did your crew.

HARRY
That's the game. I just made the first move.

JACK
I want my money-

HARRY
You're telling me the illustrious Mulligan's have financial trouble? Everyone knows how much your father is worth.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3) 82

JACK
I can't touch that money till the old man rolls over. Irony is I'm meant to be helping him stay alive. Moving him in so he can shuffle around the place talking about the good old days. But then I guess, you remember the good old days?

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (4) 82

HARRY
Living together are you? Sounds like the Odd Couple. I can get your money. But I need time.

JACK
Before the election.

HARRY
I'll get it before the 4th.

JACK
I would expect nothing less from Harry Rawlings. And if not -- then you're alive again in all the worst ways.

He refills Harry's glass. Harry smiles.

83 INT. ARCHITECTURAL FIRM - DAY 83

A pleasant PUERTO RICAN RECEPTIONIST greets her LINDA, who spreads out the blueprint.

LINDA
Hi there. This firm designed this building. I'm wondering if you could tell me where it is?

RECEPTIONIST
I can't really...

LINDA
Or, maybe you can tell me who designed it?

RECEPTIONIST
Wait a minute, let me ask someone.

She takes the blueprint and disappears. LINDA eyes the business cards on the reception desk, grabs a handful, and stuffs them in her purse. She walks to the adjacent balcony, tracking the receptionist through the atrium, spotting her having a conversation.

The receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I can't tell you anything.

LINDA
(growing desperate)
My boss is interested in having one built just like it.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

Her desperation kindles something in the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
It was designed by Terry Foster.

LINDA
Thank you.

84 INT. LINDA'S CAR - DAY 84

TERRY FOSTER is not among the cards she has stolen.

LINDA
Shit.

She looks up Terry Foster on her phone. Finds an interview in a interior design magazine: "building my perfect home in Bucktown". A picture of TERRY and her husband: ROGER.

Linda googles ROGER FOSTER. A number of addresses pop up-- she picks the one in BUCKTOWN.

85 CHICAGO LOFTS - DAY 85

It's a charming block of restored Chicago lofts. LINDA pulls up, shuffles through the cards. Senior principal, senior principal. Then a junior principal: Christina Glickman.

She goes up the steps, rings the bell. A pleasant man, ROGER, 45 - the man from the interview photo - opens the door.

LINDA
Mr. Foster? I'm Annette Rodriguez. I work for Bridges and Getty?

ROGER
I'm sorry, I don't think we've met.

LINDA
I'm a secretary. New. I work mostly with Christina Glickman?

ROGER
Uh-huh. I think I've met her-

LINDA
May I come in?

Roger steps aside and Linda enters.

86 INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS 86

Roger and Linda make their way into the living room.

86 CONTINUED: 86

LINDA
I was trying to get in touch with your wife, Terry. I had some questions for her about some of her projects, we have a client who would very much like to talk to her-

Roger's demeanor changes radically.

ROGER
I think you should go.

Linda is stunned.

ROGER (CONT'D)
I'm not interested in you, or whoever sent you-- obviously you're not from Bridges as everyone there knows my wife died four months ago-

Beat.

LINDA
I'm...I'm so sorry...

She plants herself on the sofa. Head in hands. Roger doesn't know what to do. He stares at her.

ROGER
I asked you to leave.

She nods, hair draping down, hiding her face.

LINDA
I lost my husband a few weeks ago. I have two young kids I have to be strong for. I haven't really let myself miss him yet.

A BEAT. Linda raises her head. Starts to cry. Finally letting out the emotion she's stored up until now. She's emotionally naked.

ROGER sits down next to her. Linda clutches on to him as if her life depended on it. A guttural rupture of emotion. The first time she has accepted someone's sympathy.

ROGER
(stroking her hair gently)
I know. I know. I know.

Both widows, grieving.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2) 86

Linda lifts her head out of the clench, to meet Roger's eyes. There is an odd moment of limbo where wallowing in death becomes all about life. They both choose to live. Lips pressed against each other. Nostrils sucking in air. It's a deep passionate kiss.

Then, Linda slowly pulls herself out of the limbo. It's an effort.

LINDA
I'm sorry

ROGER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Linda stands up from the couch and makes her way to the door. Roger follows and opens it for her. Linda exits, not turning back.

87 EXT. GUN SHOW CONVENTION - DAY 87

ALICE is dressed like a suburban mom. She's still kittenish, but more toned down than her usual. She pulls out what looks like a shopping list.

88 INT. INDIANA GUN SHOW - DAY - CONTINUOUS 88

All sorts of characters, from snobby game hunters to NRA radicals, with T-shirts boasting gun slogans: "It Takes 37 muscles to frown, 7 to smile, but just 3 to pull the trigger." "If guns kill people...did spoons make you fat?"

Alice stops at a number of booths, figuring out what she wants and the price, etc. That sorted, she roams the place looking for a good mark. She debates on a few guys of different ages, all of whom look attentively at this beautiful girl.

She finally slips in front of a mom with a school-age daughter.

ALICE
(Polish)
Przepraszam, nie chc? przeszkadza?, ale przyjecha?am autobusem z Chicago. Jestem zdesperowana. Potrzebuj? pomocy.
(I'm sorry to bother you but I've come all the way from Chicago by bus. I'm desperate. I need help.)

The woman shakes her head: Don't speak what you're speaking.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(English)
I'm sorry, I forgot.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

ALICE (CONT'D)
I was hoping I could get your help to get a gun. You see...this is hard...I'm a...how you say...mail-order bride. When I arrived my husband took my visa, passport everything. He beat me, always. I finally left - I had to for my babies, but he swear he's going to kill me. I can't go to police. I'm illegal. I want a gun. Just to feel safe. I have cash and I know what I need. Will you help?

The woman debates.

DAUGHTER
Mom, you always say: a gun is a girl's best friend. Help her, Mom!

GUN MOM
What do you need?

ALICE
Three glock 17's.

GUN MOM
That's a lot of fire power.

ALICE
I want one for every room.

MOM nods. CASH is transferred. MOM goes to make the buy.

89 EXT. GUN SHOW - DAY 89

ALICE leaves with a shopping bag bundle of guns and a hot dog in her mouth. Grinning.

90 INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 90

VERONICA sleeps. OLIVIA next to her on the bed. The dog's head snaps up sharply in the dark. Jumping off the bed she makes her way hastily down the corridor.

Veronica motionless, still sleeping. Suddenly we hear faint barking from down the corridor. Veronica, shaken from her sleep, throws on her robe and follows the sound of the barking. It gets louder every step until she witnesses Olivia, in a frenzy, barking and scratching at the front door.

Veronica's face is one of dread and determination. Picking up Olivia with her left hand she turns the door handle with her right, to reveal

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

NOTHING.

She looks left and right but there's no sign of anyone. Shutting the door again she puts Olivia back on the ground, patting her, ruffling her coat.

VERONICA
Did you have a nightmare? Come on, let's get you a treat.

91 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT 91

TOM MULLIGAN stands at a microphone. A long line of CIVIC LEADERS on either side of him poke at plates of fundraiser food. He receives an award from the city: LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT FOR CIVIC DUTY.

TOM
...Most people don't know what an Alderman does. Including a fair number of Aldermen...

Some laughter.

TOM (CONT'D)
It comes from the Old English...Meaning Older Man. And now I am that. An Old Man.

More laughs.

TOM (CONT'D)
I guess that's when people give you prizes. When you're crossing the finish line.

The tone becomes somber.

TOM (CONT'D)
When I was a younger man-- "tweet" was something the birds in Hyde Park did. And Facebook? Back then, a "face" was something you tried never to forget and a "book" was something you read to your son.

He looks over at Jack-- false sincerity dripping.

TOM (CONT'D)
As much as this award means to me, what would mean even more is to see the 18th Ward continue to have a Mulligan looking over its best interests...

91 CONTINUED: 91

Applause. The old man still has it. Jack nods dutifully.

92 INT. BASH'S CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT 92

A neat TINY bachelor studio, blinds drawn. Bash sits at the kitchen table, a line of pills of different colors scattered in front of him, like M&Ms.

A TV blares out a random sitcom, the living room illuminated by a flickering, graphic light.

FIVE HEAVY MEN have entered the apartment including--JATEMME. Their presence is visually more sinister due to the violent illumination of the TV screen cutting through the dark.

JATEMME
(looking at Bash's hand)
That a Super Bowl ring?

BASH
(proud)
Chicago. 1985.

JATEMME
You played for the Bears when they won the Super Bowl? Hey, Asthma, did Bash Babiak win a Super Bowl?

ASTHMA
Don't believe he did.

BASH
Harry bought it for me for my birthday.

One of the men picks up the TV remote and with his back turned, flips through the channels.

JATEMME
I want you to help me get Harry's notebook.

Bash can't hide his nervousness.

BASH
I don't have it.

JATEMME
I know you don't. She has it.

BASH
Who?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

JATEMME
Mrs. Rawlings, Veronica, your boss. And you're going to agree to get it for me.

Bash is not a great liar.

BASH
I don't work for her-- she doesn't have any money. Gave me a couple of Harry's ties and let me go. She doesn't have a notebook that I know of.

Suddenly, football commentary from an old game roars out of the television, the volume turned up high. The man who was doing the channel surfing now throws the remote to the ground. TWO big guys go to work on Bash-- but he is a force and throws them off with incredible strength -- trying to get to Jatemme.

JATEMME
You fucking serious?

ANOTHER BIG guy cracks Bash over the head with a chair-- Bash staggers but keeps coming for Jatemme. THE FOURTH GUY jumps on his back and Bash takes no notice- he's incredibly strong.

Bash is now closer to Jatemme-- like the linebacker he once was going for the quarterback. THE FIFTH guy hits Bash low and from behind in his bad knees-- he staggers. But, manages to keep coming forward.

One of the CREW stabs Bash with a kitchen knife in the back -- but he still pulls away, breaking the arm of that attacker.

TWO OF THE OTHER GUYS regroup and go high and low on Bash bringing him down hard on the floor-- his knee bending the wrong way-- just at Jatemme's feet. He still struggles to get back up-- reaching out for Jatemme.

Jatemme pulls a handgun with a silencer out of his coat and unloads three shots into Bash's head. He then bends down and takes off Bash's Super Bowl ring.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
Yeah, you almost made it.

A93 EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING A93

A wide shot looking down long street of crossing traffic.

B93 EXT. CHICAGO - DAY B93

A wide shot of an 'L' Train snaking through the city.

C93 EXT. L TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY C93

A close up of LINDA, pensive, on the train platform waiting. A train rush past her as we see her through the windows.

93 INT. L TRAIN - NEXT DAY 93

Alice and Linda sit next to each other on the L train, elevated above the city. It is just after the morning rush hour and the evidence of a previously packed car are visible - newspapers, garbage, etc. Their car is now occupied by a homeless person who makes his bed on a nearby bench and two nannies with strollers chatting away.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

The two white children are oblivious, as the train moves through the city. Linda is distraught. She stares at the blueprint.

LINDA
I swear I've never done anything like that before. I don't know what I was thinking. All I know is I need this money and I can't lose my kids.

ALICE
You weren't thinking. It's fine. It happens.

LINDA
Veronica's not gonna be happy with me-

ALICE
You tried. You did what you could.

LINDA
Right? What do I know from blueprints? Now she's gonna probably tell me to walk around Chicago until I find a place that looks like this.

Alice scrutinizes the blueprints. An idea forms and she takes them out of Linda's hands.

ALICE
Leave them with me. Come on, it's our stop.

They both step off the train.

94 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 94

Veronica takes Olivia out for a walk. The DOORMAN stops her.

DOORMAN
Mrs. Rawlings, you have an envelope.

He fishes around behind the counter-- hands it to her. Veronica takes a few steps outside the door with the dog and opens it.

Something clatters to the ground.

BASH'S RING

Veronica recoils. Looks around the 360 degrees. As she does her phone begins to ring. She checks the caller ID.

94 CONTINUED: 94

BASH

She answers.

VERONICA
Bash? You OK? What's going on?

JATEMME
(over the phone)
What's going on is that you have a week!

The phone cuts out. Jatemme has hung up.

Veronica gets scared. Backs into the building.

95 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT 95

The blueprints sit strategically on Alice's bedside table.

DAVID starts kissing ALICE's neck. She leans into his embrace.

ALICE
I thought we were going out.

DAVID
I thought so too, and then I saw you and I decided we should try being late.

She pulls him into the bedroom, pulling down the blinds, shutting out the neighbors' windows.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Leave em.

She smiles. He stares at her -- falling in love. Or, something like it. She takes off her earrings, David looks at the blueprints lying on the bedside table.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What, are you building a safe room?

ALICE
A what?

DAVID
This. It looks like a, it looks like a safe room. A nice one.

She stands before the bed-- begins to disrobe. He is mesmerized.

95 CONTINUED: 95

ALICE
You can tell that just by looking at the plans?

DAVID
Yea.

ALICE
Can you tell me where it is?

He looks more closely at the plans -- eyes ping ponging off of her as he does.

DAVID
I know a guy who could find out.

He unbuttons his shirt. He undoes his own trousers. She climbs on top of him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Should I even ask you what..

She interrupts him with a kiss.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Alice, how would you feel about making this arrangement exclusive?

ALICE
I think I'd like that --

He flips her over, enters her. David is in heaven.

Suddenly the doorbell rings.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Holy Shit. It's My ma.

She jumps out of bed, throwing clothes on haphazardly.

DAVID
Your mom? You shitting me.

He starts to get up-- annoyed.

ALICE
No. Get your clothes on. I thought we were goin out.

INT ALICE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice, half dressed, runs down the stairs.

CONTINUED:

ALICE
Just a minute. Mom?

VERONICA
It's Veronica.

Alice pauses. Puts on her robe. Opens the door.

ALICE
What're you doing here?

VERONICA
I didn't know where else to go.

Alice thinks for a minute. Then steps aside.

ALICE
Come in.

Alice heads up the stairs. Veronica takes care to lock the deadbolt before following Alice.

Alice leads her into the kitchen area.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Just sit on the bed. I'll just finish getting dressed.

Alice exits the kitchen to see David coming out of the bathroom -- Veronica and David make eye contact. David feels played somehow.

DAVID
Your mom, huh?

David leaves. Alice turns back to see Veronica standing there -- eyes full of recrimination.

VERONICA
Your husband's been dead a month.

ALICE
Why are you being such a bitch? You're being a cunt.

VERONICA
Don't you say that word to me.

ALICE
It's appropriate. You're being a cunt. A friend lets a friend know when she's being a cunt.

CONTINUED: (2)

VERONICA
You're not a friend, you're just a stupid girl with nothing in your head.

ALICE
I'm not stupid.

VERONICA
Well why don't you try keeping your legs shut.

ALICE
David is gonna help us.

VERONICA
Help us with what?

ALICE
He thinks the blue prints are a safe room. He's going to find out where it is.

VERONICA
You're an idiot.

ALICE
And you're a cold old bitch.

Veronica slaps her, hard, in the face.

Something inside of Alice goes dark.

ALICE (CONT'D)
My mom.
(slaps herself in the face)
My husband.
(slaps herself in the face)
Now you.

Veronica puts her arms around Alice. It's a struggle. Like trying to douse a fire.

VERONICA
Sorry. I'm sorry.

Alice breaks away.

ALICE
I am done being treated like shit. Not again. Not by you.

CONTINUED: (3)

Veronica searches for something to say. Words escape her. This is a new side of Veronica. A vulnerable one. She slumps and sits on the bed.

Conflicted, Alice sits next to Veronica on the bed.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(cold at first)
What is it? What's wrong? Why did you come here?

VERONICA
They killed Bash.

ALICE
Who?

VERONICA
The Mannings.

Alice puts aside her anger.

ALICE
What? How do you know?

VERONICA
(with conviction)
I know. (pause) I'm not Harry. All this damage. I can't be responsible for this any more.

Alice thinks for a moment.

ALICE
Why do you have to?

VERONICA
Because I don't own anything. Not even the apartment. I have nothing.

Veronica leans in towards Alice, her head falling into Alice's lap. Alice is struck by Veronica's vulnerability.

ALICE
We can't tell Linda about Bash. She'll back out.

96 EXT. GUN CLUB - NEXT DAY 96

As other SHOOTERS blast away down the range, Veronica loads the GLOCK- shaking and scared.

CLOSE ON HER HANDS

She loads the gun.

AND THEN OTHER HANDS WRAP AROUND HERS

Widening out we see that they belong to Harry. A day in the past. His arms engulf Veronica-- teaching her a shooter's crouch. She leans back against him.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

VERONICA
I don't want to do this-

HARRY
This isn't optional. This comes with the territory.

She feels the weight of the gun in her hand and acknowledges the truth of what he's saying.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Don't forget, squeeze slowly, always keep your eye on the target. And remember, never point the gun at something you don't want to kill.

She blasts away at the target. He smiles. She's a good shot.

97 INT. HIDEOUT - LATER 97

Alice, Veronica and Linda are at the hideout.

VERONICA
Bash is out.

LINDA
What? What happened?

Alice looks at Veronica.

VERONICA
Bash is out. We have no driver.

LINDA
That was the one thing you were supposed to take care of.

VERONICA
Like you and the blueprints?

LINDA
You need to find us a new driver.

VERONICA
That's not easy.

LINDA
Don't you know anyone else?

97 CONTINUED: 97

VERONICA
No.

LINDA
Surprise. What have you done all week?

ALICE
(placating)
She's had a rough time.

LINDA
Me too. I've lost my store. My mother-in-law is trying to take my kids.

VERONICA
(interrupting)
What's your kids and mother-in-law got to do with me? I gave you one job and you couldn't even do that. Don't tell me to do my job.

LINDA
If we get caught, I know what the consequences of this shit looks like. You ever been to a prison?

The women take stock.

Linda takes her coat and makes her way to the door.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We have six days. Find a fucking driver.

Stalemate.

98 INT. UNION LEAGUE CLUB - NIGHT 98

These are the well to do of Chicago.

FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST
But really, Jack, what the fuck are you gonna do?

JACK
I'm gonna beat his gay black ass. I'm ahead in the polls.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR
So was Clinton. Except on the day it mattered. You should be worried.

FELLOW ALDERMAN
Is he gay?

98 CONTINUED: 98

FINANCE GUY
He doesn't have 5.1 million question marks around his name-

BOARD CHAIRMAN
Should have never taken the appointment on the Green Line commission-- bad optics- you and your dad should have known better.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR
Green Line seems to run right through your own personal cookie jar--

JACK
You don't actually believe that shit? Trains are expensive.

NEWSPAPER EDITOR
So are swimming pools and paintings and boats and the addition you can see from space--

BOARD CHAIRMAN
He's got four kids at Latin, the Jag -

JACK
(smiles)
Used.

BOARD CHAIRMAN
The golf club, the country club, etcetera, etcetera..

LAWYER
One exquisite ex-wife.

JACK
Not the adjective I'd use.
(interrupts)
Oh - you forgot a terminally ill father in the newly built guest wing. ...But I won't stay for the rest of the math lesson. I'll see you all at my victory party-- where you can beg me not to have the IRS audit any of you.

Jack looks lost and then stands up, fake laughing. Behind his shoulder, Siobhan is alerted and stands, too. He walks away, Siobhan trailing.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

FINANCE GUY
Jack, come back! Come on! You still got my vote.

We hear chuckles as Jack paces out of view.

99 INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 99

WE TRACK behind Veronica as she strides down a hallway-- with her handbag and Olivia as usual.

She arrives at 3A and KNOCKS. The door swings open to reveal AMANDA-- caught off guard, baby in arms.

AMANDA
Veronica-- uh, Hi. What are you doing here?

VERONICA
I need to ask you a question-

AMANDA
Did you call?

VERONICA
Was worried about the phones-

AMANDA
The phones? What kind of question? Why are you worried about-

Olivia starts to whine.

VERONICA
Can I come in?

AMANDA
Sure, yes, of course. Let me put Albert in his room.

They step inside.

VERONICA
Albert? He's beautiful.

Amanda leaves to put Albert in his room. Veronica looks around the apartment. Amanda returns.

AMANDA
This actually isn't a good time for me. The baby is a bit fussy today.

Olivia BARKS.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

VERONICA
Did Jimmy know anyone else-- someone who could drive a job-

Olivia whines longingly.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Someone with skills. Maybe the person who prepped his cars.

AMANDA
Shit, Veronica, what are you doing-

VERONICA
Trying to clean up a mess.

Olivia barks again. VERONICA sets her down and OLIVIA begins snuffling around the carpet.

AMANDA
You are in over your head-- leave the crime to the criminals-

The baby is now howling.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I have to -

AMANDA leaves the room to see to the baby. Seconds later, he stops screaming, leaving only the barking of the dog. VERONICA goes to retrieve OLIVIA, who is barking and scratching at a closed door - but stops short.

INSERT: On a side table, a silver flask - the flask that was used in Harry and Veronica's ritual.

VERONICA stares, disbelieving. She looks up, towards the closed door, motionless.

Suddenly, she grabs OLIVIA off the floor and makes her way out of the apartment.

AMANDA re-enters the room, with the BABY in her arms, just as the door slams shut.

The apartment is silent.

Amanda opens the door that Olivia was barking at, revealing Harry lying on the bed topless in black jeans.

HARRY
(calmly)
She knows. She knows everything.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2) 99

AMANDA
We should have left sooner. Like you said we would.

HARRY
Keep cool. Everything in due time.

100 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY 100

Veronica scurries towards her car, heels CLICKING on the sidewalk, Olivia tucked under her arm. Fumbling, she drops her key fob. Panic illuminates her face. She picks it up and presses and presses. Nothing happens.

Suddenly - BEEP BEEP - the doors unlock. She reaches out, opens the door and slides in, putting Olivia on the back seat.

She pauses, then turns on the central locking. CLUNK. She puts the key in the ignition. The car SQUEALS as it accelerates away.

We stay close on Veronica's face as the impact of what she has just discovered washes over her. Silence.

101 INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY 101

ALICE is having a cozy boozy lunch with DAVID.

DAVID
I have to go to Shanghai for a few days-- there's a site we're thinking about developing. Want to come?

She gets excited. This is a dream.

ALICE
Shanghai?

DAVID
Ever been?

ALICE
Um, no, never. My God, when?

DAVID
Tomorrow. Just for three nights. I've meetings during the day, but you can walk around-- see some art, visit the museums...

ALICE
Tomorrow?

101 CONTINUED: 101

DAVID
Yes.

She realizes she can't go.

ALICE
I...I...can't.

Beat.

DAVID
Can't?

ALICE
I have commitments here. I can't just drop everything and fly to Shanghai tomorrow. My life's different than yours.

DAVID
Seems to me that if you can ask me to get you an address off a permit-- which I did-- then I can certainly ask you to ditch your 'commitments' and fly to Shanghai with me. Or, do overseas adventures cost more?

She fingers the slip of paper with the address of the safe room. Stung by the mention of commerce.

ALICE
So everything is just a transaction?

DAVID
(off their cocktails)
They brought us these drinks, next they'll bring us a bill. The way of the world far as I can tell.

ALICE
I meant with us.

DAVID
Did you forget how we met?

Alice sighs. Thinks about her choices.

ALICE
(defensively)
Look, I don't have a passport. I've never really travelled. I'm sorry...Like I said, my life isn't like yours.

He caresses her face, taking her hair out of her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2) 101

DAVID
Don't worry. Next time.

102 INT. HARRY'S SUV - NIGHT 102

Veronica drives with Alice, who is holding the same piece of paper we saw in the previous scene. Alice's is mind is elsewhere, possibly Shanghai. Veronica notices. They pull up outside Mulligan's house.

VERONICA
Is that the one?

ALICE
(blueprint in hand)
Yes, that's the one.

Out of the house walks Jack Mulligan, confirming Veronica's suspicions.

A close up of VERONICA in the car, through the windscreen which reflects the trees of the affluent neighbourhood. (She's next to ALICE, but we're close enough not to see her) - VERONICA sees who is emerging from the house. She realizes the house shown in the blueprint belongs to JACK MULLIGAN.

Alice looks confused. They drive away.

103 INT. BELLE'S LAWNDALE APARTMENT - NIGHT 103

Belle's daughter, is asleep in her bedroom. A window above her bed is illuminated by a streetlight through the blinds. The sound of an occasional passing vehicle interrupts the stillness. A car approaches, parking underneath the window. A car door opens and someone gets out. A jovial conversation slowly turns ugly. Voices are now screaming at each other. Then a loud BANG- a gunshot is fired. Belle's daughter jolts in her bed, waking herself up. A scream from outside deafens the whole environment. Like a wolf in the night, reciprocates. Her scream is horrifying and desperate. We hear from afar other gunshots. Shouting, screaming. We now begin to hear the faint sounds of police sirens getting closer. It's a cacophony of chaos. We stay with, in sheer panic, still screaming.

BELLE enters the room and holds her in her arms. It's like wrangling a small calf. Limbs are flying everywhere. Belle begins to sing as loud as she can, rocking . It's the only thing she can do. Eventually the soothing voice of her mother seems to pierce through the chaos, and for awhile it is the only thing we hear. Belle's beautiful voice elevates above the madness. Belle's daughter is now still, her eyes are locked on her mother's.

103 CONTINUED: 103

Slowly, as Belle continues to sing, Destiny's eyes become heavy and eventually close. Belle continues to sing, now tilting her head up, looking to the heavens. Tears roll down to her ears. She sings now not only to soothe , but also to try and conquer her fears. She must get out of this.

104 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 104

The phone on Veronica's kitchen table rings. VERONICA picks it up.

VERONICA
(hesitatingly into the phone)
Hello?

105 INT. FIRESIDE BAR - NIGHT 105

BOBBY WELSH is on the other end on the line. His hand heavily bandaged. Intercut between the two.

WELSH
It's Welsh. Bobby Welsh. I heard about Bash. Have you given up that notebook?

Brief pause.

VERONICA
Yes.

WELSH
You have. Good. Good. That's smart. Are you sure you're OK?

VERONICA
(guarded)
Yes. Thank you. And thank you for calling. I have to go Mr. Welsh.

WELSH
Well if there's anything-

But Veronica has hung up the phone.

ANGLE ON

HARRY RAWLINGS who has been listening to WELSH's side of the conversation. His face expressionless.

106 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 106

LINDA is busy cooking at the stove preparing traditional Dominican fair - locrio: chicken, rice, plantains, etc.

XAVY
Mom, I'm hungry. When is it gonna be ready?

106 CONTINUED: 106

LINDA
It'll be ready when it's done. Now go help your sister set the table.

BELLE enters.

BELLE
Mm, smells good.

LINDA
Thank god. Come in. Dinner's almost ready. You hungry?

The kids are happy to see her.

GRACIE
Mom, can I set the table for Belle?

LINDA
Yes.

Belle seems out of breath.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(to Belle)
You don't need to run, you know.

BELLE
Don't worry. I'd rather be here on your dime than sitting on a shitty bus not making money.

Linda looks at Belle, who is exhausted from her run, but great with her children. Linda makes a decision.

LINDA
Do you have a partner? Someone you trust who could baby-sit tonight?

BELLE
Yeah, my mom. She's looking after my daughter. Why?

LINDA
Your mom watches your daughter while you watch my kids?

BELLE
I told you, I need the money.

LINDA looks thoughtful.

106 CONTINUED: (2) 106

LINDA
Could your mom bring your daughter here, tonight? So you could come with me to the meeting?

BELLE
Why?

LINDA
Because I need your help, and we <u>both</u> need the money.

107 INT. HIDEOUT - LATER 107

Veronica and Alice are waiting for Linda. Linda walks in.

LINDA
I've solved a problem.

She leads BELLE into the room. Veronica's silence does all the talking.

VERONICA
What's this?

LINDA
This is my friend, Belle. She's smart, she's fast, she's strong.

Veronica just stares.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We can't do this with the three of us. We need a driver.

VERONICA
That's not your place. Please ask her to leave.

BELLE
I'm standing here. You can talk to me.

That gets Veronica's attention. She looks Belle up and down. It's a class thing.

VERONICA
I don't know you.

BELLE
You don't have to. I'm happy to leave right now.

107 CONTINUED: 107

ALICE
Veronica, we need a driver. You said.

A pause as Veronica decides.

VERONICA
(to Linda and Alice)
Are you girls happy to split your cut?

LINDA
(pointedly)
Split our cut.

VERONICA
Harry would take 70% on every job.

LINDA
Seventy fucking percent?! Are you saying that Harry took seventy percent from every job that Carlos did? Our husbands took home peanuts!

VERONICA
Harry did all the logistics, he planned everything. He had the contacts.

LINDA
Bullshit. They were taking as much risk as Harry. We're in this together, equally - or not at all.

Stalemate.

VERONICA
(to Linda)
You vouch for her?

LINDA nods.

BELLE
I don't require a vouch.

Beat.

VERONICA
(to Alice)
We'll need another gun.

BELLE
I've got my own.

VERONICA
Good.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2) 107

BELLE
You'll need to watch how you speak to me.

Veronica ignores.

VERONICA
If you're in, you need to get started now.

108 EXT. LAWNDALE - STREETS - DAY 108

We see the back of BELLE's head in a baseball cap as she runs past metal railings. We cut to the side of her, as she turns a corner, the railings seemingly elevating her speed. She turns again, cutting into the backs of houses.

109 INT. FOYER - JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - DAY 109

SIOBHAN opens the front door.

SIOBHAN
(surprised)
Ah, Mrs. Rawlings, do you have a meeting scheduled with Mr. Mulligan?

VERONICA
No, but Jack said I could drop by anytime, so I'm taking him up on his offer.

SIOBHAN
(unsure)
Please, come in.

VERONICA enters: registers the opulent redecoration, her eyes taking in all that she can see. On her left, just before she takes the stairs, she observes three surveillance monitors, a security guard perched on a stool, eating a sandwich.

VERONICA
(nodding at the security guard)
Expecting someone?

SIOBHAN
Well you can never be too sure in this neighborhood.

VERONICA
My gosh, how many security guards do you have?

109 CONTINUED: 109

SIOBHAN
(downplaying, embarrassed)
Oh, just the one!

They reach the landing halfway up to the second floor. Veronica looks out the window to see Belle peering over the back wall of the house. Deflecting her attention, they make their way up to the second floor.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Would you mind waiting here?

Siobhan guides her to the waiting room.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Mulligan will be free in five minutes. He's in a meeting.

The moment Siobhan disappears behind the door, Veronica is up on her feet and moving towards the third floor. Upstairs is Mulligan's campaign office. A few young staffers mill about, and for a moment, Veronica is invisible. She notices a poster promoting the final Aldermen debate on August 2nd. Jack and Jamal, along with two other white candidates (one man, one woman) are on the posters. To the back of the room, she observes a large oblong painting. She recognizes this as a possible entrance into the safe room. At that moment...

YOUNG STAFFER
Excuse me, can I help you?

VERONICA
Sorry, I was just looking for the bathroom and was just admiring that painting. May I take a closer look?

YOUNG STAFFER
Sure, and you are?

VERONICA
I have a meeting with Jack Mulligan.

YOUNG STAFFER
Okay.

Veronica makes her way to the painting, clocking everything she can on her way. Staring at the painting, she sees behind the frame a long seam in the wall. It's confirmed. This is the door to the safe room.

YOUNG STAFFER (CONT'D)
Ma'am, there is a restroom downstairs. I can show you the way.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: (2) 109

The YOUNG STAFFER guides Veronica downstairs.

VERONICA again takes her seat in the waiting room.

A Taiwanese nurse enters and takes a seat. The two exchange an awkward "Hello" and smile.

110 EXT. BACK OF MULLIGAN'S HOUSE 110

Belle, still hidden in the enclave in the back of Mulligan's house and standing on top of some discarded bricks, spots three security cameras - one blocked by some scaffolding. She observes a PLAIN CLOTHED MAN, 40s, in a dark blue suit, knocking at the back of the house. Moments later, a security guard opens the door. From afar she overhears a conversation.

SECURITY GUARD
You got a weak bladder or something?

PLAIN CLOTHED MAN
Funny. My wife says I need to drink 8 glasses of water a day. I guess my body's getting used to it.

They both laugh as the door shuts behind them.

111 INT. OFFICE - JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - DAY 111

The Mulligan men and Siobhan.

JACK
I'll tell you exactly why I fired him-- he told me we would get the endorsement of Wheeler and now the good reverend has decided to sit this one out-- he doesn't get to do that.

TOM
So, you fire Hillsman. Been working with our family for 30 years-- but you just put a bullet in him when the polls go to 3%.

JACK
I got a new guy coming on-- black guy-- British.

SIOBHAN
Gavin Cunningham.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

TOM
Fuck me. Maybe I can talk to the mayor and tell him we need to have the election tomorrow before things get any worse-

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: (2) 111

JACK
I will take care of Manning in the debate and that will be the end of it. And might I add-- running in your shadow would be a lot easier if there weren't piles of shit scattered everywhere I walk.

TOM
Well excuse me, JFK. You think you can make things better? It's never getting better. You think you can change things? They are never going to change. Your friends at The Union Club? You think they respect you? They look at you and see me: son of a working class Mick who's somehow crawled his way out of the shit. And for them the smell lingers. The only thing that matters is that we survive. Look around you, it's like Custer's Last Stand. It's kill or be killed. We made this city and we're not having it taken away from us by people who come here illegally or by people who can't stop making babies. And that means staying in power, at all costs.

JACK
I'm looking forward to the day when all this bullshit is over and I won't have to talk to people like you-- because they won't be here anymore.

TOM
Have you finished?

Silence.

TOM (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Hear me: Have your blonde paperweight here call Hillsman and hire him back-- make Gavin whatever your debate prep consultant. Now you need to pick up your toys and put them back in the box, and when you're done, we will continue this conversation.

112 INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - DAY 112

VERONICA and the NURSE are still waiting.

TOM (O.S.)
Sarah!

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

NURSE stands.

NURSE
He calls.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2) 112

She exits, returns, guiding TOM, who gives VERONICA a wary once over.

TOM
(off Veronica)
You with this Cunningham person?

Veronica is confused.

VERONICA
I'm Veronica Rawlings-- we met a long time ago when I was lobbying for the teacher's union.

Tom shrugs. Puts on a fake smile. Jack emerges into the living room.

TOM
(phony as hell)
Of course, of course...
(and then off his son)
Well, maybe you can teach him better than I did.

JACK
Mrs. Rawlings, I don't think you're in my schedule for today-- not sure I have time-

TOM
Sure, you do. You absolutely do. She's from the teacher's union.
(to Sarah)
Get my coat. We're leaving.

At that moment, JACK MULLIGAN's driver, JOHN (previously seen in the hair salon), appears.

JOHN
Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Mulligan.
(eyeing Veronica)
I'm taking the car to the garage. I'll be back in a few hours.

JACK
Sure, John, sure. Mrs. Rawlings, please come in.

113 EXT. THE FRONT OF MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - STREETS - DAY 113

From the front of the house Linda observes the surveillance cameras and the scaffolding on the side of the building. She watches as Tom and Sarah leave the house.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

Moments later, the PLAIN CLOTHED MAN who Belle observed entering the back of the house gets into an unmarked car parked across the street with someone in the passenger seat. It is obvious that they are two plain clothed policemen. After she clocks them Linda walks away towards Veronica's car parked down the street.

114 EXT. THE BACK OF MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - STREETS - DAY 114

Belle hears the grass rustling, jumps down from the bricks and pretends to stretch, just as a child appears to retrieve her baseball. Belle smiles as the girl scurries off towards her friends, baseball in hand. Belle then takes off running down the street.

115 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 115

Jack and Veronica.

VERONICA
(cup and saucer in hand)
When was the last time you saw Harry?

Jack shrugs.

JACK
Before he died? I can't remember - maybe some event for my father? Why do you ask?

Veronica eyes him for some sort of tell.

VERONICA
May I speak freely?

JACK
I wouldn't stay in any room where I couldn't.

VERONICA
Jamal Manning threatened me-- he says Harry stole from him and he's presented me with the bill. He wants his money. Now, there's a dead person involved. A trusted employee. I don't know where else to turn.

JACK
I'm not sure I follow.

VERONICA
From what I hear, it seems we both have a Jamal Manning problem.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

JACK
You don't live in my ward, Mrs. Rawlings-- but if you're aware of a crime you should go to the police.

VERONICA
Mr. Mulligan, you offered to help me. Your family has been involved in my husband's life for many years. So when I say, help, I mean help.

JACK
I'm not my father. As you can see the years have taken a toll on him and I don't want to go down that same road. So with much admiration and respect for your late husband, and yourself of course, I don't see what I can do.

Beat.

JACK (CONT'D)
What I've learnt from my father and men like Harry, is that you reap what you sow.

VERONICA
Let's hope you're right.

Jack stands, extending his hand across the desk.

JACK
It's been a pleasure, Mrs. Rawlings.

Veronica takes a final sip of her tea. She stands, not shaking his hand.

VERONICA
It's been *my* pleasure, Mr. Mulligan.

116 INT. LINDA'S CAR - DAY 116

Belle and Linda watch as JOHN backs the town car out of the Mulligan's driveway. BELLE does a double-take, recognizing JOHN from the hair salon.

BELLE
Hm.

LINDA
You know that guy?

BELLE
You could say that.

117 EXT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - LATER 117

Veronica, visibly annoyed, walks out of the house.

She registers a van parked on the street emblazoned with the same distinctive capital L.V. that was on the brown envelope in the notebook. Veronica walks past a man working on the gate's security panel.

118 INT. HAIR SALON - DAY 118

BELLE enters. BREECHELLE is working on a CLIENT.

BREECHELLE
Girl, where have you been? You don't answer your cell phone anymore?

BELLE
Sorry. Been busy.

BELLE goes to the back and puts on her apron, washing her hands in the adjacent sink.

BREECHELLE
What - busy not making money?

BELLE
(drying her hands on a towel)
That bald guy who always comes by here- in the suit...

BREECHELLE
What about him?

BELLE
Who is he?

Breechelle gives a harsh laugh.

BREECHELLE
I told you, I don't want you to get involved.

BELLE
What do you mean?

BREECHELLE
He works for the Mulligans.

BELLE
So who really owns this salon?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

BREECHELLE
How is that your business? What doesn't bother you doesn't trouble you.

The client in the chair laughs.

CLIENT 2
I'll say.

BELLE
Jack Mulligan?

INSERT:

******STILL PHOTO TO BE COMPED ONTO THE WALL IN THE SALON******

A photo of BELLE and BREECHELLE together, happy, probably in love.

BREECHELLE
He empowered me, see?
(pointing to a photograph of JACK surrounded by black women)
I'm a female minority business owner but let's just say that the powers that be take a very healthy cut of my business, and sometimes yes, I get tired of it.

BELLE
So why do you stand for it?

BREECHELLE
And where would you want me to stand exactly? I needed money to start a business. He gave it to me. And now I owe him. No bank was going to help me, but he did. All I want to do is have a business of my own and this way I'm allowed to think I have it.

BELLE
Does that sound right to you? Doesn't to me.

BREECHELLE
We are just part of something bigger. Jack Mulligan has his hands in everything. There is no other way.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2) 118

BELLE
There has to be. Because Jack Mulligan thinks you owe him. But the truth is, he owes you.

119 EXT. OUTDOOR GUN RANGE - DAY 119

****NB LINDA AND ALICE TO HAVE CONTINUITY COSTUME/HAIR/MAKEUP WITH CURRENT CUT SC 94 OF THEM RIDING ON THE SUBWAY****

The Range is almost entirely empty. Nobody is around. LINDA loads a clip into the glock. Adjusts her hearing. Clicks off the safety. Exhales. She fires. A bit sporadic, but she hits her target.

ALICE's glittery nail polish pulls her trigger. ALICE fires away, enjoying this perhaps more than she should. She looks down the range at the target and smiles. She's not bad. She reloads.

120 OMITTED 120

121 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE, FOYER - MORNING 121

Jack opens to door revealing a removal truck and a group of teamsters. They have already unloaded five blue plastic crates alongside antique furniture, which is now sitting on the lawn.

JACK
They're here.

ANGLE ON

TOM is seated in the dining room reading the Chicago Tribune.

TOM
About time.

A122 INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT A122

LINDA and ALICE sit at a makeshift table positioned near the black leather couch. It's laden with bags of dirt and empty Tupperware boxes.

On another table, there are piles of plastic containers full of dirt.

LINDA, ALICE and BELLE are working in sequence. BELLE is taking the containers of dirt to the adjacent table. LINDA is shovelling the dirt into empty boxes while ALICE places them onto a scale. ALICE adjusts the weight by removing some dirt with a trowel and placing it back into the bag. ALICE wants to get this right and is extremely focused, watching the dials on the scales.

BELLE
...two of the three cameras at the back are covered by the construction.

ALICE
Mmm-hmm

LINDA
And the access codes to the safe room?

ALICE
(protective)
Veronica's on it.

LINDA
And this? What are we doing this for and why isn't she here helping us?

A122 CONTINUED: A122

ALICE shrugs. The women finish another set of boxes. BELLE turns to get another bag of dirt.

ALICE
(Glances at Belle)
(To Linda)
So who's watching your kids?

Belle returns, throwing down a heavy bag of dirt on the floor.

BELLE
(Answering for Linda)
My mom.

ALICE
So while you were sitting her kids, your mom was watching your daughter.

BELLE
I work two jobs. What do you do for money?

ALICE
I had Florek...

LINDA
(pissed)
I had a business.

BELLE
So did you know? What they did?

Alice and Linda look at each other - they haven't discussed this before.

ALICE
(to Linda)
Did you know?

LINDA
I thought I did.

ALICE
If I asked, he would...
After a job, though, he was nice.

Linda at Belle glance at each other in recognition.

BELLE
What about Veronica? You think she knew?

(CONTINUED)

A122 CONTINUED: (2) A122

LINDA
I bet you she knew *everything*.

Linda goes into an impression of Veronica. It's good.

LINDA (CONT'D)
"You girls happy to split your cut?"

Belle grins, provides her own impression.

BELLE
"Harry! I want you to take Olivia on the next job. I need some 'me time'."

Alice cracks a smile but doesn't quite join in.

LINDA
"Yeah. Having a stick up my ass is real tiring."

Belle and Linda laugh. Undetected by them, we reveal VERONICA is already there, OLIVIA tucked under her arm. VERONICA looks scornfully at the group. They stop laughing. VERONICA slow places OLIVIA on the floor.

VERONICA
You know why we needed a new driver? The last one was killed. By the Mannings.

Linda and Belle sober up. They didn't know. Alice looks away, not wanting the others to see that she knew.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
So if you're not serious about this-

BELLE
I want my daughter to have a better future than me. I just can't have her growing up where I am now.

Linda looks directly at Veronica.

LINDA
And if this goes wrong, at least my kids'll know I didn't just sit there and take it.

The atmosphere is broken by the sound of ALICE picking up a set of full boxes. LINDA and BELLE resume their positions and get on with work. All of them serious, attentive.

Veronica watches them, all at work now. A tiny hidden moment of pleasure as she watches the women be a real crew.

122 INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT 122

A metal table holds two sections of Tupperware boxes, piled with DIRT. The women are in athletic wear.

VERONICA
OK, our go date is August 2. The night of the debate. All of our work is worth nothing if we can't move the money, and fast. The notebook said 5 million, which is the exact amount Mulligan is accused of taking in commission kickbacks.

She points to the Tupperware.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
This is two million dollars in twenty tupperware boxes. Each box has one hundred thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. It weighs 44 pounds.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
This is 2 million dollars. Forty tupperware boxes. Each box has fifty thousand dollars in fifty dollar bills. It weighs 88 pounds.

122 CONTINUED: 122

LINDA
Feel like I'm back in school.

BELLE
Tell me about it.

VERONICA
Linda, that backpack has weight of 2 million dollars in hundred dollar bills - Belle, put it on.

Next to the metal table, Belle helps to put it on Linda's shoulders with a slight struggle. Alice clips the connecting strap to Linda's chest. Linda smiles.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Okay. Run up to that van and back.

Linda springs into action and starts to run. Not easy, but doable. She returns.

LINDA
All that for this?

VERONICA
Now Belle, put that on.

Belle takes the backpack off Linda's back and again the ritual is repeated with Alice clipping on the straps. She struggles. Linda's arms are now in the straps. She stumbles at first, regaining her balance.

BELLE
Watch your back. Bend your knees.

VERONICA
Okay. Again. Run to that van and back.

Linda takes a deep breath and begins to jog.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Come on. Run. Don't jog. It's not funny now, is it? And it won't be if we get caught. Come on!

Linda stumbles back to position. It's almost as though Veronica is leading this exercise simply to humiliate her.

LINDA
Get this fucking thing off me.

Belle jumps to her rescue, helping her take it off.

122 CONTINUED: (2) 122

VERONICA
That bag has 2 million in fifty dollar bills. Double the weight.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (3) 122

LINDA
(angrily and out of breath)
And why the fuck did you do that?

VERONICA
Because I had to think of the best case scenario and the worst case scenario and we've gotta do it fast. We've gotta start thinking like professionals. We're in business together. There's not going to be some cozy reunion. After this job we're done.
(beat)
Look, we've got three days to look and move like a team of men. The best thing we have going is being who we are.

ALICE
Why?

VERONICA
Because nobody thinks we have the balls to pull it off.

A123 EXT. MANNINGS HQ - EVENING A123

The exterior of the Manning's HQ. The liquor store next door is lit up.

123 INT. JAMAL'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 123

Jack stands at the pulpit in the old church-- not clear for the moment who he is speaking to.

JACK
You know what the biggest problem with democracy is? Everyone gets to vote.

He laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's a joke, Jamal. You can laugh. We all better remember to laugh.

ANGLE ON JAMAL

Not laughing. Alone in the faintly lit room.

123 CONTINUED: 123

JACK (CONT'D)
Seriously, doesn't it strike you as strange that the people with the problems-- the racist people, the uneducated people, the venal people, the Jesus people-- these are the people who get to choose their leaders? Talk about giving children a book of matches-

JAMAL
They chose your father. More than once.

Jack shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2) 123

JAMAL (CONT'D)
Why are you here?

JACK
To save us both a great deal of aggravation.

JAMAL
Still not laughing.

Jamal is confused but leaning in.

JACK
What if I stopped spending money on advertising? Leveled the playing field so to speak. Stopped making appearances-- scaled back my Get Out The Vote program. Made some phone calls-

JAMAL
So you're scared. You wanna make a deal.

Jack gets closer to Jamal-- softens his tone.

JACK
Jamal Manning first African American Alderman of the 18th ward. Sounds good doesn't it. Sounds like righteous change.

JAMAL
Sounds like the voice of the people.

Jack smiles and pitches the deal.

JACK
Well, I think you'd be good at it. And, I'd be right there to advise you-- on every important matter.

JAMAL
I'm sure you would.

Jamal gives nothing away.

JACK
. . .Every contract and program. Every new project and negotiation. Behind the scenes of course. As far as everyone else is concerned-- you the man!

JAMAL
So you wanna be the man behind the man.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3) 123

JACK
Think about it. Let me know.

JAMAL
What makes you think I need your charity?

JACK
I'm not offering you charity. I'm offering you power.

JAMAL
On whose terms? Yours?

JACK
(pauses and thinks)
I'll let you decide.

We stay on Jamal's face as Jack walks out.

124 INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM - DAY 124

INSERT:

ALICE'S POV from her hotel room of the CHICAGO DAWN below - commuters heading home, traffic, lights - but in the distance there's water and green: a sense of escape. A different perspective of the city than from below.

ALICE in the aftermath of a rendezvous. She wears the hotel robe and lounges, hair tousled. DAVID emerges from the bathroom freshly showered; begins to button his shirt.

DAVID
Hey, I have a meeting at 3:30.

She plays with his tie-- not getting dressed.

ALICE
Can I ask a question?

He takes the tie from her-- gives her her clothes.

DAVID
As long as I can answer it and still get to my meeting-

ALICE
How come we never go to your place?

DAVID
My place? That's your question?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

ALICE
I'd like to see how you live. We could cook dinner. Watch some TV.

DAVID
(sees where this is going)
Not now. I don't have the time. OK? We have an arrangement.
(MORE)

124 CONTINUED: (2) 124

DAVID (CONT'D)
Now, I really, really like you. I don't think I've ever been this happy with a woman. I truly do care about you. But, I'm not your husband, Alice.

ALICE
I know you're not. My husband is dead.

Beat. This is news to DAVID. He grows solemn.

DAVID
Listen Alice, this isn't a marriage. This is an arrangement. I pay for things and out of that you get a nice life.

ALICE
I don't need you to have a nice life.

DAVID
But what if I ended things now. Right now. What would you do to make money?

ALICE
Excuse me?

DAVID
My money. The way I live. I'm offering you a nice life.

ALICE
You say "life" as if it was yours to offer. You're offering me *my* life. But it's mine. Mine to be ashamed of, or be proud of, mine to screw up or make good. My life.

He nods and puts some money on the bedside table. It feels like this is the end.

DAVID
I have to leave now, I really do...can I drop you anywhere?

ALICE
I'll get where I need to go.

125 EXT. CAR PARK - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY 125

Close in on a single, cheap generic car.

INSERT:

125 CONTINUED: 125

Almost like animation, hands shuffle through photographs of a middle-aged man KEN THORPE, clothed but in disarray, has sex in the front seat of a car (or alternative location) with a NAKED, DARK-HAIRED GIRL much, much younger than him.

126 INT. CAR - DAY 126

VERONICA is staring straight ahead as Ken Robinson, a sad, wilting middle-aged guy, begs her, as he looks through photographs of him having sex.

KEN
It was years ago, - we were in love! It was a mistake!

VERONICA
(takes the photos out of Ken's hands)
I need the codes, Ken.

KEN
I'm begging you. I thought I was off the hook now Harry's dead.

VERONICA
Once you're in, you're never off the hook. You know that. There's no way around it, I need the codes.

KEN
It's not just about me. This will destroy my family! It will destroy my business. This will be the third time my alarm systems get hit. My clients are starting to ask questions. How do I know these are the originals and that there aren't copies.

VERONICA
You don't. You should have thought twice about cheating on your wife with your niece. You have a choice. I'll go wait over at the gas station. If you drive away, I'll know you're out. If you come to me with the codes..maybe you have a future.

KEN
I'm begging you. As a human being.

He's in tears. VERONICA swallows hard, gets out, walks to her car. She fills up, watching the car just sitting.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

VERONICA
Come on. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2) 126

Finally the car begins moving, looks like it's heading toward the exit. Then it pulls around and toward VERONICA.

KEN is in full-on sobs. He can't even look at VERONICA. He hands her a folder and pulls away without looking at her.

As he does so, we see JATEMME's car parked on the other side of the street.

VERONICA glances at the code, then at the exiting car. She doesn't look like someone who's just had a major triumph.

INT. JATEMME'S CAR

We see Jatemme repeating Spanish phrases along with the app LEARN SPANISH (LATIN AMERICAN) coming from the speakers inside his car.

127 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY 127

XAVY, GRACE and Belle's daughter are playing together.

BELLE and LINDA sit at the kitchen table, mugs in hand, a bottle of brandy on the table.

LINDA
I never thought I'd be in a situation where I would have my future in my own hands, you know? I played by the rules with my store, but even that was a fantasy. I just want my kids to be better than me. This fell into my lap and don't get me wrong, there have been nights where I haven't slept, where I've asked myself, "what the fuck am I doing?" Guns? Robbery? What the fuck?
(beat)
What choice do I have? Accepting what I have or trying to do something about it? For me there is no other option. I've gotta go for it.

BELLE
And your kids if it all goes wrong?

LINDA
At least they'll know I tried, that I didn't just sit here taking what was given to me.

BELLE
For me, there's just lucky and unlucky. This is a chance to change the rules.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

BELLE (CONT'D)
My life doesn't matter to me if my daughter's prospects are worse than mine. I can't have her growing up where we are.
(MORE)

127 CONTINUED: (2) 127

BELLE (CONT'D)
I'm scared shitless right now, but I know if anything happens to me my mom will look after Bailey. And that's the thing that gives me a little peace.

LINDA
Yeah I know what you mean. At least I've got Lita.

They both start to laugh and clink their coffee mugs, taking another swig.

A128 EXT. PET SHOP - DAY A128

Wide Shot. VERONICA, holding OLIVIA, approaches a store called "V.I.PET HOTEL" advertising Dog Boarding. The OWNER comes from the back of the shop to open the door. After a pause, VERONICA steps in.

128 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY 128

LINDA and BELLE, with their CHILDREN, light CANDLES at Linda's local church.

The kids love the spectacle of the flames but for the women, as they light their candles it has a deeper meaning.

They know there is much to lose, but so much to gain.

129 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAWN 129

CLOSE UP on the tip of a CIGARETTE as it is lit. It incinerates.

Veronica stands in front of the large window, facing the city. Smoke billowing. "A Sunday Morning Kind of Love" plays in the background. She is alone.

130 INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH 130

JAMAL and NOEL are readying themselves to go to the debate. NOEL fixes JAMAL's tie, brushing down his lapels. JATEMME appears from the back room, dressed in a crisp new suit.

JATEMME
All I can say, big brother, is Mom would have been really proud.

JATEMME breaks out into a wide smile, approaching his brother. He hugs him hard. Jamal's face tries to disguise his confliction.

130 CONTINUED: 130

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(facing him)
"Alderman Manning" sounds goooood.

Noel squeezes Jamal's hand. Jamal nods at BIG GUY, who has been sitting in the aisle. He stands and opens the door. Jamal and Noel walk through, BIG GUY follows them out to the car.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(shouts behind them)
Go get him, brother! Go get him!

131 INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT 131

BELLE, LINDA and ALICE sit silently in their own thoughts. Waiting.

131 CONTINUED: 131

Linda and Alice in jumpsuits, arms tied around their waists. Belle in a black hooded jogging suit. All four of the women are wearing latex gloves.

LINDA'S eyes go to the clock. VERONICA is late. She catches the eyes of the other two. Nobody can quite say it. Has something happened to her? Has she pulled out? Or worse - set them up?

ALICE stands up and starts pacing. BELLE puts her head in her hands.

LINDA
Is she -

ALICE
She wouldn't.

More pacing. Finally ALICE pulls out her burner. She's about to dial VERONICA when -

The door opens. The three women rise to their feet quickly, panicked. VERONICA strides into the room, purposefully, business as usual.

VERONICA looks around at their worried / relieved expressions, surprised.

VERONICA
What?
(putting down her bag)
Everyone ready?

LINDA
You get the codes?

Veronica holds up a scrap of paper. A moment of expectation, trepidation, excitement.

VERONICA
Something goes wrong, you're all on your own. We were never here.

132 OMITTED 132

133 EXT. STREET NEAR JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 133

BELLE breaks the windows of a number of parked cars, setting the lights and alarms off, simultaneously removing roadside flares from a backpack. One by one the cars are engulfed in flames. The street is lit up with fire glowing in the windows.

A134 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - EVENING A134

Establishing shots of some streets in the poorer part of Chicago's 18th Ward, the night of the debate.

******NB AT LEAST THREE VARIATIONS OF THE ABOVE******

134 INT. DETECTIVES CAR OUTSIDE MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 134

C/U of the radio in the unmarked police car as the debate plays. The gear around the radio identifies this as a police car even though it's unmarked outside.

The PLAIN CLOTHED DETECTIVES guarding Mulligan's house immediately pull off to investigate.

135 EXT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE BACK ALLEY - NIGHT 135

The WIDOWS' van stands by at the back alley of the house. The widows pull on their HOCKEY MASKS and jump out of the van. Belle signals from the end of the street.

136 EXT. JACK MULLIGAN'S BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT 136

Alice, Linda and Veronica scale the back wall and navigate the far side of the yard. They walk across the line of the trees bordering the fence to the scaffolding against the house wall.

Veronica climbs up onto the scaffolding and looks through the window, revealing A SECURITY GUARD sitting next to monitors -- Linda and Alice are either side of the rear door. On Veronica's signal, Alice knocks on the door.

137 EXT. JACK MULLIGAN'S BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT 137

The SECURITY GUARD walks to the back door and as he opens it Linda puts a gun to his head.

LINDA
(male voice)
Put your fucking hands in the air!

Linda and Alice frog march the guard into the kitchen. Linda stun guns him and as he collapses on the kitchen floor on his stomach, they zip tie his hands and legs, hog-tying him.

ALICE
(referring to stun gun)
That wasn't on the list.

LINDA
It's mine.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

Then they wrap the duct tape around his head three times, covering his mouth. Linda takes the security guard's gun and puts it in her belt. Veronica enters through the back door and passes Alice and Linda.

VERONICA
Three minutes. Go.

Veronica moves into the house, making sure the ground floor is clear. They know exactly where they're going.

138 INT. MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 138

They run up to the 2nd floor. As they reach the top of the stairs, a door suddenly opens, revealing SARAH, Tom's nurse. Veronica points her gun at the nurse, who retreats into her room and locks the door.

139 EXT. MULLIGAN STREET 139

Belle pulls the van in front of the house. A man walking his dog passes by. Belle shrinks in the driver's seat.

140 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY 140

The WIDOWS continue on through the house until they get to the 3rd floor.

141 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE 141

They reach the large painting on the wall. Veronica pulls the hinged painting from the wall revealing an electronic keypad. Veronica pulls out a piece of paper and punches in a code-

819168. It flashes RED.

VERONICA
That cheating fuck!

She tries again. It flashes RED. The Widows stare at each other. Then Alice reaches over Veronica and turns the piece of paper upside down. It now reads: 891618

You can feel her smugness even through the gas mask.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Shut up.

Veronica taps in the correct code, opening the door to:

142 INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT 142

As we've seen previously, on one side of the room are the shelves of Jack's money. We now see the five blue plastic crates have been placed on the other side of the secret room.

Veronica moves towards Jack's money and starts loading it into her backpack. All of it in low denomination bills: $10s, $20s, $50s.

Alice opens one of the plastic crates. It's full of $100 bills. Tom Mulligan's money, stored for safe-keeping.

142 CONTINUED: 142

ALICE
What the fuck?!

She opens another-- MORE CASH. And a third...

LINDA
Let's go!!!

Snapping back to focus, Alice and Veronica start stuffing as many stacks of $100 bills as they can into their backpacks.

VERONICA
One minute left.

143 EXT. MULLIGAN STREET 143

A police car, sirens blazing, speeds past the house. Belle is visibly nervous, looking up towards the house, as the flashing lights of the passing police car reflect on the van's windshield.

144 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY 144

The WIDOWS retrace their steps on the way out. The bags are heavy with cash-- slowing them down. Linda lags behind.

VERONICA
Come on...

LINDA
I can't breathe with this thing on...

Veronica checks her watch-- shakes her head. The WIDOWS press on.

145 INT. JACK MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 145

Veronica is closely followed by Alice as Linda lags behind. As they reach the landing on the 2nd floor, they are confronted by Tom Mulligan with a .38 caliber revolver in his hand.

LINDA
Fuck.

The three women freeze. Tom approaches.

TOM
Drop your guns. Hands in the air. You think you can just walk in here and take my money? Who the fuck do you think you are?

145 CONTINUED: 145

VERONICA
(to Alice sotto)
Keep it together-

Tommy uses the barrel of the gun to flip up Veronica's mask. his face screws up with confusion. Trying to remember how he knows her.

Alice uses the moment to grab the barrel of Tom's gun. She tries to wrestle it away from him. In the struggle the gun fires and rips through her shoulder

Alice slumps to the floor.

Tom wheels back to face Veronica-- but instead finds himself staring down the barrel of the security guard's handgun that Linda is holding.

She fires and kills Tom!

CLOSE UP on LINDA's masked face just after she has shot TOM MULLIGAN. We see the panic in her eyes. She's shaking.

The women look at each other. Alice struggles to her feet -- holding her shoulder which is bleeding.

ALICE
I'm OK. It's not bad. Let's go.

LINDA
Fuck. I shot him. Fuck. What do we do?

VERONICA
Just stay cool. We are all getting out of here.

She grabs the security guard's gun from Linda's hand and tucks it into her belt. They retrieve their guns from the floor and hustle out of the building through the front door.

146 EXT. JACK MULLIGAN'S STREET - NIGHT 146

BELLE is waiting in the VAN at the front of the house, cold sweat on her forehead.

The Widows approach-- They start to load the backpacks into the van.

VERONICA
Come on, hurry up.

They finish loading and dive in the van.

146 CONTINUED: 146

LINDA
Come on, Belle, let's go. The cops are gonna be here--

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

LINDA
Come on, Belle, let's go. The cops are gonna be here--

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (2) 146

Through the window in the partition, Belle's face is one of fear. A gun with a silencer is now pointed at her temple.

JATEMME'S FACE APPEARS NEXT TO BELLE'S...HE KISSES HER CHEEK.

147 EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER 147

The Widows stand in the middle of the street. Jatemme takes off in their van! Veronica and the women are left stranded.

******NB GREENSCREEN ELEMENT: ONLY ALICE SITTING ON THE KERB******

From the back of the van as JATEMME drives away, the four women are left stranded.

ALICE, wounded and breathing heavily, sits on the curb, woozy and disoriented.

White light illuminates them from behind - a car approaches. The women turn to look. Simultaneously, Belle pulls up her hoodie as the other women pull down their masks.

148 INT. VAN - NIGHT 148

JATEMME in the cab of the van-- he tunes in the debate on the radio-- WBEZ.

JACK (O.S.)
You all know me. I'm a proud sixth generation Chicagoan. The city of Big Shoulders. We Chicagoans can take anything. We laugh louder, we work harder, we sleep to the rattle of the L train. We are a city of poets and construction workers. City Hall and corner bars. A town of rough and ragged hope...

JAMAL (O.S.)
Where children go to school in buildings that should be condemned. Our school systems are busted, our pensions are busted, our neighborhoods are busted...

JACK (O.S.)
We can handle the tough times— the poverty and violence and the sheer ugliness that sometimes is America...

JAMAL (O.S.)
But why do we have to? Chicago is a city in free fall. Money. Greed. Avarice.
(MORE)

148 CONTINUED: 148

JAMAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fat cats in city hall getting fatter—on our meals. We, the people, are not people to them. We are a mass of ugly need they don't want to see.

JATEMME
You get him, Bro. You call that motherfucker out!

Jatemme is celebrating his brother's performance.

148 CONTINUED: (2) 148

JAMAL (O.S.)
Let us have a chance at life. Not just to exist but to live. Let us live.

Through the rear window of the van, we see a car fast approaching. It clips the van from behind, causing it to lose control. Jatemme fights to avoid crashing into an oncoming barrier but fails. The van hits the concrete barrier with great force.

As the van slams into the concrete barrier, JATEMME - no seatbelt - SLAMS into the steering wheel - NO AIRBAG - and stays there, still. Nobody could survive that.

ANGLE ON THE VAN

The women are pulling the backpacks out of the van and putting them in the trunk of the car.

Suddenly Alice, weak from loss of blood, faints.

They jump in the car, putting Alice in the backseat with Linda and accelerate, leaving the devastation behind.

JATEMME lies dead in the van against the steering wheel. His face is BRUTALLY SMASHED. In the reflection of the window we see the crew's stolen car driving off into the distance.

NB POTENTIALLY USE MANNEQUIN RATHER THAN BODY DOUBLE HERE

149 INT. STOLEN CAR - NIGHT 149

Veronica, driving, breaks the silence.

VERONICA
How's she doing?

Linda realizes how much blood Alice has lost and slaps her awake.

LINDA
Look at me. We're almost at the hospital. Stay awake.
(to Veronica and Belle)
When we get there, you two go.

Alice protests softly.

ALICE
No hospital, no hospital.

150 EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER 150

The car pulls up not far from the ER entrance. Linda and Alice have struggled out of their jumpsuits. Linda supports Alice as they stagger toward the entrance in civilian clothing. She rests Alice gently on the ground.

ALICE
You should go-

HOSPITAL STAFF inside clock them and come running out.

LINDA
(tough through tears)
She was shot...drive by. Her name is Jennifer...

151 EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - A LITTLE LATER 151

The car slows as it pulls into Belle's housing project. There is a beat of silence between VERONICA and BELLE. They both take a breath.

VERONICA punches the silence.

VERONICA
Do you have someone?

BELLE
Do I have someone?

VERONICA
Someone you love.

Belle hesitates. She shrugs uncomfortably.

BELLE
I don't know. Kinda.

VERONICA
How long have you known him?

BELLE
(snaps back)
Her.

VERONICA
Sorry. How long have you known her?

BELLE
Long enough.

Veronica turns to face Belle.

151 CONTINUED: 151

VERONICA
Love her. Love her with every breath. Every fiber of your body. We've got nothing to lose.

It is as if Veronica has detected something in Belle that was always there but difficult for her to see. The two embrace in this revelation. They let go. There are no more words spoken. Belle begins to run home. Veronica watches her disappear in the rearview mirror.

152 INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT 152

VERONICA enters, alone. She stands in the center of the room, opening up a backpack on the table. She looks at the money. Walking out of an adjacent doorway, HARRY appears from the darkness into the light. There is stillness all around, as the two gaze into each other's eyes feet away from each other at an apparent safe distance. Veronica breaks and lets out a roaring scream towards Harry's face. It is as if all the anger and frustration that has been pent up over the last months is released in a avalanche of vocal anger and pain.

There is a deafening quiet after Veronica's roar. Harry steadies himself and walks towards the beat-up couch near the table, he sits as if he would have had collapsed. Tilting his head towards the floor, he begins to speak in a low voice.

HARRY
It was meant to be simple. Wait for Jatemme to do the hard work and then take the money. Put a gun to his head and everything's done.

VERONICA
Just like what you did to your crew... Simple.

A silent acknowledgement from HARRY.

HARRY
Why didn't you just sell the book to Jamal and leave it at that, Ronnie- you weren't supposed to be here.

Veronica stands on the other end of the table. The scene resembles a domestic argument.

VERONICA
You left me alone and made me mourn you. After seeing what that did to me with Marcus. You evil fucking bastard.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Thought you could start again with your new son. Your new, white happy family.

HARRY
You don't have the monopoly on pain.

VERONICA
Yes, I do! Yes, I fucking do!

HARRY
They killed my boy!

VERONICA
Our boy! They killed *our* boy!

Silence.

HARRY
I couldn't save our son. I couldn't save us. I needed to save myself.

VERONICA
So *your* happiness was your only concern. Women and children first? Ha. You're a fucking coward, Harry Rawlings.

Harry stands up from the couch.

HARRY
I need the money, Ronnie.

152 CONTINUED: (2) 152

Harry suddenly loses patience. He butts Veronica on the side of the head with his own glock. She slumps to the ground, in pain.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3) 152

Harry is visibly shocked at his actions, the line he has crossed.

He gathers himself, and takes advantage of the situation.

He steps over her body, and opens one of the backpacks, revealing the cash.

With his back to Veronica, Harry realizes what he's got to do. His face is full of dread, remorse... and determination.

A gun emerges silently, up towards his face. He rests the cold metal on his lips, pondering, as if in prayer. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and turns to shoot.

As he does so, a loud BANG echoes.

Harry falls to his knees, revealing Veronica, arm outstretched, gun smoldering. Veronica holds the position, eyes on Harry.

Harry, teetering on his knees, blood gushing from a chest wound, collapses, gasping for breath.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I'm sorry.

VERONICA
Me, too.

He struggles to make words through his faltering breath. Veronica crouches over him. She lies next to him, nose to nose. She caresses the side of his face, her hands still gloved.

Harry reaches for Veronica's face, but collapses. Veronica takes Harry's lifeless hand by the wrist and strokes it over her face. She begins to sob. The dam which has held in so much for so long is now broken. She is a mess. The two figures lie next to each other. From a different vantage point you might think they are two lovers. Moment pass and Veronica is still in the same position. Both her and Harry's eyes are open. She puts the security guard's gun in Harry's hands, pushing his index finger into the trigger. There is a moment of stillness. She struggles to pull herself out of the trance and tells herself to move.

153 INT. HARRY'S SUV - NIGHT 153

Veronica reaches into one of the backpacks, pulling out a flare. Snapping off the top, she throws it into the van. It ignites. VERONICA gets into her car and drives away.

A154 EXT. QUINCEANERA DRESS SHOP - DAY A154

From across the street, we see LINDA approach, with her two KIDS. The store is shuttered, the windows are whited out with paint, but the signage is still up and we can see vestiges of the shop it was.

LINDA takes out a key, unlocks a padlock and opens the shutters. Her kids XAVY and GRACY are both wearing gloves, and each holding a bucket with some cleaning bottles in them. LINDA opens the door, and with a huge smile lets the kids into the store: it's hers again.

154 INT. CHICAGO HAIR SALON - DAY 154

We see BREECHELLE, who confided in Belle, come into her salon, looking weary. We hear the radio.

ANNOUNCER
Muted celebrations in the Mulligan camp as Tuesday's election results sink in. In a late rally, there was a resounding victory for Jack Mulligan, seen as a sympathy vote following the murder of Tom Mulligan. Revered John Wheeler was outside the Mulligan residence this morning to talk to reporters.

Breechelle gets settled in, goes to her station, and on the seat is a bag of CASH.

REV JOHN WHEELER
Brothers and sisters, we ask that you keep Jack Mulligan in your prayers, as he tries to find the strength, with God's help, to begin his term of office and to continue the program of change initiated by his beloved father. I know you remember all the good work the Mulligans have done for this community, so we hope that you will join us, Sunday, we will be holding a service for Tom Mulligan to pay our respects to this great servant of our ward.

A155 EXT. BLACK HAIR SALON - 18TH WARD - DAY A155

BELLE is in the front seat of a NEW CAR (new for her, not necessarily brand new). She watches through the window as BREECHELLE looks at the money in her hands in wonder, and looks around to try to see who left it. BREECHELLE doesn't spot BELLE. BELLE smiles sadly, knowing that this is goodbye.

A155 CONTINUED: A155

BELLE looks in the rearview mirror - BAILEY sits in the back seat, holding a soft toy, surrounded by bags. It looks like they're moving on. BELLE smiles for real now - and pulls the car away.

155 INT. CAFE - DAY - 6 MONTHS LATER 155

ALICE walks into a cafe and is greeted by a hostess. It is snowing outside and she wears a large grey winter coat.

HOSTESS
Just one?

ALICE
No, two.

HOSTESS
(gestures to booth)
Here okay?

ALICE
Yes. Great, thanks.

Alice sits down and looks across the cafe. We see VERONICA seated alone in another booth drinking a cup of coffee. Alice and Veronica share a look. Both women share a range of emotions. Surprised to see each other, conflicted about whether to greet each other, but knowing that they were never meant to meet or speak again. The hostess walks up to Alice's booth and pours her a glass of water. In that moment, the spell is broken.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(to the hostess)
Thank you.

Alice looks back towards Veronica, who has now broken her gaze, drinking her coffee, when suddenly her image is obstructed by Alice's FRIEND who has walked into the restaurant and joins her at the table. The two friends start talking, Alice at first is distracted, but eventually gets lost in conversation.

Veronica finishes her coffee, seemingly uninterested by her former friend and her companion. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Want a refill?

Veronica nods as if she's got nowhere else to go. She is alone. She takes a sip of coffee. At that moment, we hear a voice.

155 CONTINUED: 155

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (O.S.)
Mrs. Rawlins.

A slim kind looking African-American man sits down opposite Veronica.

SCHOOL PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)
Mrs. Rawlins I was surprised to hear from you. The last time we spoke…

Veronica cuts him off.

VERONICA
I want you to listen to me. Underneath the table there's a bag of money. I want you to use it to rebuild your school library. All I ask is that you name it after Marcus.

The man looks confused and then happy.

156 EXT. STREET - CHICAGO - DAY 156

Alice and her friend exit the cafe. Alice's mind elsewhere.

A young hip lesbian couple walk by.

ALICE
It was great to see you. Let's do it again soon. I'll call you. I'll call you.

The friend waves, leaving Alice on the sidewalk.

Alice walks slowly on, her expression a little dejected.

A middle aged latina woman walks past her.

Obviously still thinking of Veronica, Alice arrives at her car, taking out her keys from her pocket.

VOICE (O.S.)
Alice.

Alice turns abruptly as with the camera to reveal Veronica standing behind her.

Veronica's expression is one of guarded recognition. She is reaching out.